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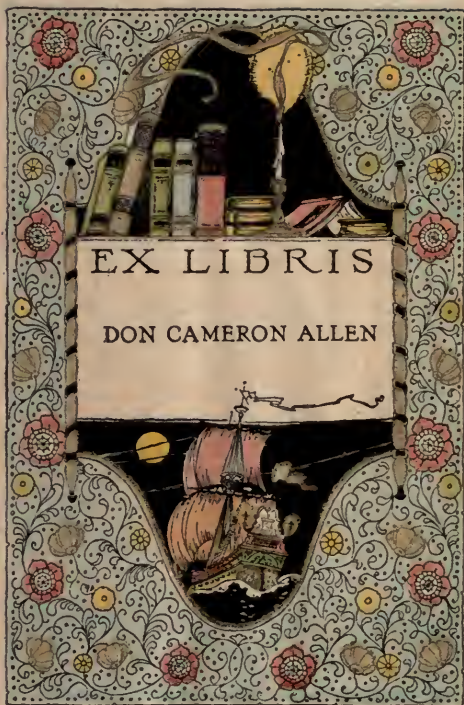
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BARNABE \ GOOGE

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and
Sonettes

1563

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EDITED BY
EDWARD ARBER

F.S.A. ETC. LATE EXAMINER IN ENGLISH
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TO THE UNIVERSITY OF
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By Barnabe Googe.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His surname is also variously spelt *Goche*, *Goghe*, *Gouche*, &c.

There was printed at Venice an undated Latin satirical poem in twelve books named after the signs of the Zodiac. *Zodiacus* [?1535—1539] *Vita pulcherrimmo opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poetae ad illustrissimum Ferraria Ducem Hercules secundem feliciter incipit.* The dedication to Hercules II. d'Este, who was Duke of Ferrara between 1 Nov. 1534—3 Oct. 1559, fixes the date of the impression, to which Thomas Scauranus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzolli, an Italian, respecting whose life very little is known. We have printed Gooze's own account of him at p. 13. Despite its being put on the Index by the Council of Trent; more than twenty editions of this celebrated Invective have been published in Latin and other languages: including two Latin editions at Basle in 1552 and 1557, which Gooze may have used in his translation and another at London in 1579.

1553. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus [b. 1511—d. 29 Dec? 1563] was the author of another anti-Papist invective in verse, entitled *Regni Papistici*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb., JUNE. and the imprint June 1553.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth succeeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papistici* is published at Basle. NOV. 24. The date of Gasper Heywood's poetical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, the printing of which was finished on 25 March 1560. In this preface, he supposes himself to meet Seneca, while in a dream, whom he thus addresses. [The allusions are important as showing the rage for translating then prevailing; and also as virtually announcing Gooze's translation, no portion of which had as yet appeared.]

*A labour long (quoth I) it is that riper age doothe craue
And who shall trauaile in thy bookes, more iudgement ought to haue
Then I: whose greener yeares thereby no thanks may hope to wynde.
Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sette no heares vppon my chynne
Craue this therefore of grauer age, and men of greater skill
Full many be that better can, and some perhaps that will.
But yf thy will be rather bent a yong mans witt to proue,
And thinkst that elder lerned men perhaps it shall behoue,
In woorks of waight to spende theyr tyme, goe where Mineruaes men,
And finest witts doe swarme: whome she hath taught to passe with pen,
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,
Thou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen thy verse shall flourishe so,
That Melpomen thou wouldest well weene had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorks with stately style, and goodly grace t'endite,
There shalt thou see the selfe same Northe, whose woорke his witte displayes,
And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.
There Sacknyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste, and feably fyned bee,
There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yeluertons doo flee
Well pewrde with pen: suche yong men three, as weene thou mightest agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Ioue his brazne.
Then heare thou shalt a great reporte of Baldwyns worthie name
Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates, proclayne eternall fame.
And there the gentle Blunduille is by name and eke by kynde,*

*Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore, what frute by Foes to fynde,
There Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Englyshe geues, to woorthy authors name,
There Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gotte, reporte that runneth ryfe
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiake of lyfe.
And yet great nombre more, whose names yf I shoulde now resight,
A ten tymes greater woroke then thine, I should be forste to wright.*

BARNABY GOOGE, son of Robert Googe, esq. recorder of Lincoln, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Mantell, was born in or about 1540, at Alvingham, Lincolnshire. He was some time a member of Christ's College in this university, but does not appear to have graduated here. He was also of New College, Oxford. Upon leaving college, he travelled through France to Spain. . . . By his wife he had issue Matthew; Thomas; Robert, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Barnaby, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Francis; William; Anne; Mary. *Cooper. Athen. Cantab.* ii. 39. Ed. 1858.

1559. The first of the translations of Seneca; *Troas*, by T. Heywood, published.

1560. APR. or MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers "Recevyd of Raufew newbery, for his lycense for printing of a boke called pallengeniuss, and he geveth to the howse . . . iiii^d" J. P. Collier. *Extracts, &c.* i. 26. Ed. 1848.

This was *The First thre Bokes of the most Christian poet Marcellus Palingenius called THE ZODIAKE OF LIFE Newly translated out of Latin into Englysh.* This edition, which we have been unable to see, Mr. Collier states, in *Bibliographical Catalogue*, "This is one of the rarest poetical works in our language: we never had an opportunity of seeing more than the exemplar before us, and our belief is that only one other copy is in existence." ii. 88. Ed. 1865. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honeywood and Ralph Heimund Esquires. Herbert states that he styles this piece, 'the first frutes of his study.' p. 767. It likewise contains the following initial poems [which we here print from the next edition of 1561]:

The Preface.

When as syr Phebe with backward course, the horned gote had caught,
And had the place from whence he turnes his lofty face out sought :
Amid the entraunce of the grades of Capricorne he stode,
And distant far from him away was Marce with fiery mode,
He lacked th[e] aspect of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasaunt loke
With beames he could not broile from hie for heat his Globe forsoke.
Old Saturne then aloft did lie, with lusty riueld face:
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,
And towards the Bull he gan to driue intending there to rest,
His croked crabbed cankerd limmes in louely Venus nest.
With frosen face about he loked and vile deformed hewe,
And downe the boysterous Boreas sent in euery coste that blewe,
Who spoylde the pleasant trees of lease, byrest the ground of grene,
That life in springing springs or plants might no where now be sene:
The lively sappe forsoke the bough and depe the rote it held
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dweld.
When down amongst my bokes I sate and close I crouched for cold,
Fayre Ladyes nyne with stately steps alofe I might behold,
In mantels gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,
With Laurell leafe theyr heades were crown'd, a sight to me but rare.
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewty moued to meete
These learned Nymphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feete.
With rosey lippes and shining face and Melpomen her name,
This lady fyrst began to speake, and thus her wordes to frame.
Stand vp yong man, quoth she, dispatch, and take thy pen in hand,
Wryte thou the ciuil warres and broyle in auncient Latines land.

*Reduce to English sence she said, the lofty Lucanes verse
 The cruel chance and dolefull end of Cesars state rehearse.
 Maddam (quoth Vrany) with that, in this you do me wrong
 To moue my man to serue your turne that hath profosed of long,
 And vowed his yeares with me to serue in secret motions hie,
 To beat his brain in searching forth the rowlinges of the sky.
 Nay rather take in hand quod she, (and on me ful she lokes)
 With English rime to bring to light Aratus worthy bokes.
 Describe the whirling spheares aboue and mouinges euery one,
 How forced about from East to West from West to East they gone.
 Aratus verse wil shew the plain how Circles al they run
 How glides ye course thorow croked line of Phebe the shining sun.
 Whereas the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,
 In heauens hie among the North where beares theyr course do kepe
 By this (quoth she) thou shalt receiue immortal fame at last,
 Much more then if thou shouldst declare those bloudy bankets past.
 These wordes declar'd wyth pleasaunt voyce, this Lady held her peece,
 And forth before them all I saw the loueliest Lady prease:
 Of stature tal, and Venus face, she semde me thought to haue
 And Calliope she called was with verse that wrytes so graue,
 Sisters quod she and Ladies all of Ioue his mighty line,
 To whom no art doth lie vnkowne that heare we may define:
 Chese patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,
 Without whose help their simple heds would nothing well rehearse,
 I am become a suter here to you my Ladies all,
 For him that heare before you standes as vnto learning thrall,
 A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbed wayes,
 Of vertuous life, declaring how that men shoulde spend theyr daies.
 In Romish lande he liued longe, and Palingen his name
 It was. Whereby he got him selfe an euerlasting fame
 Of them that learned be. But of the meane and ruder sorte
 He liues vnkowne and lackes therby his iuste and right reporte.
 Wherefore my sute is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,
 That standeth heare that he may turne my Poetes stately style,
 To Vulgar speche in natie tounge: that all may understande.
 To this they all agreed and sayed, take thou that worcke in hande.
 Amased then I answered thus good ladies al (quoth I)
 Whose Clientes fame, for euer flies and name can neuer dye
 Returne your sentence late pronounced call back your wordes agayne,
 And let not me take that in hande that I can not attayne.
 In Englande here a hundred headdes more able nowe therebe,
 Thys same to doe: then chose the beste and let the worste go free.
 Best you doe so then that my verse receaue immortall shame,
 When I shall paye the price of paynes with hasarde of my name.
 With this they all began to frowne and wholly with on[e] voice,
 Take thou this same in hande thei crie, thou hast none other choyse.
 And fast away from me thei sling, as halfe in angry moode
 Thei leste me thus in wofull case: whereas a while I stooode,
 And mused what I best might do, at last my pen I tooke
 Commaunded thus to English heare, this famous Poets booke.
 Now since that I haue thus begunne, you (learned) I requyre:
 With your dispraise or great dysdaine quenche not this kyndled fyre:
 But geue me rather cause to ende, this worcke so late begonne,
 So shall I thinke and well bestowde my paynes when all is done.*

¶ The booke to the reader.

WHo seeks to shun ye shattring sails of mighty Momus mast,
 Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses ancour cast.
 For Momus there doth ryde at flote, with scornfull tonges yfraght:
 With cancred cricks of wrathfull words he keeps the passage strayght.
 That none without disdaine may passe where muses nauie lies,
 But straight on them with irreful mode the scornful God he flies,

*Since none may scape, I am not he, that can my self assure :
Through surging seas of depe disdaine my passage to procure.
But am content for to receiue reprocke at Momus hand :
Syth none there is, that may the nose of Rhynocere withstand.
The learned wyttes I heare requyre with rigour not to iudge
The common sort I nought esteeme vnskilful though they grudge.
Nor few of them can hold theyr peace but finde them selues a doe,
In vewing workes as he that sought, to mende Appelles shoe.
Both sortes I wish if that they would contented to remaine,
And beare the weaknes of my wit and not therat disdaine.*

1561. In this year there appeared the second edition of Googe's translation of the *Zodiacus Vitæ*, containing the first six books, see p. 90. and also the following poem, which Mr. Collier states is not in the first edition.

*I F Chaucer nowe shoulde liue, whose eloquence deuine,
Hath paste ye poets al that came of auncient Brutus lyne,
If Homere here might dwell, whose praise the Grekes resounde
If Vergile might his yeares renewe, if Ouide myght be founde :
All these myght well be sure theyr matches here to fynde.
So much dothe England floriske now with men of Muses kynde.
Synce these might find their mates, what shame shall this my ryme
Receauue, that thus I publishe here in such a perulous tyme ?
A Poet ones there lyued, and Cherill was hys name :
Who thought of Alexanders actes to make immortal fame.
Bredde vp in Pegase house, of Poetes aunciente bloude :
A thousande verses yll he made, and none but seuen good.
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest maye here theyr matches see :
Lett Cherill not thereat disdayne, he shall be matched with me.
For eche good verse he dyd receyue a peece of golde (I trowe)
For eche yll verse the kynge did bydde his eare shoulde fele a blowe.
Though I presume with him as mate coequall to remaine :
Yet seake I not herein to be copartener of his gayne.*

FINIS.

The above three poems are omitted in all subsequent editions.

The Epitaph on Phaer was probably written before Googe went abroad.

1561-2. * WINTER. It is apparent from the allusions on p. 29, that Googe went towards Spain about this time, leaving these *Eglogs*, &c. —in the hands of his friend Blundeston.

1562. PENTECOST [MAY 17 &c.] Blundeston writes his poetical preface. See pp. 28-30.

MAY 27. He writes his prose preface at pp. 26, 27, and leaves all with the printer.

1562-3? WINTER. Googe reaches home from Spain, while Blundeston is away from London. p. 25; on whose return, he is astonished to learn that his poems are in the printer's hands, and the paper provided for the impression. Yielding at length to his friend's persuasion he suffers them to appear: finishing *Cupido's conquered* as he states at p. 1563. MAR. 15. 25. The printing is therefore finished on 15 March 1563, as stated on the Title at p. 19, and Colophon at p. 128.

APR. 28. Alexander Neville's translation of Seneca's *Ædipus*, is finished by T. Colwell, who also printed these *Eglogs*, &c.

We now come to the story of Googe's love, troublous courtship and marriage. There are traces at pp. 87, 99 of an earlier and unrequited attachment to Mistress A., previous to his voyage to Spain, but it is his winning of Mary Darrell with which we have now to do. Some preliminary facts must be first touched upon.

What had occurred prior, we are unable to say. Only one short poem to Maystresse D[arrell] occurs in this collection (*i.e.* before March 1563): and that is marked by the most delicate respectfulness: but the strange struggle of the two Kentish families with Cecil and Archbishop Parker came about

in this way. John Lennard, Esq. [b. 1509—d. 12. Mar. 1590. æt. 81] of Chevening, (N.E. of Tunbridge Wells), was a rich prosperous man of 54 years of age, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, and possessed of many lands and manors in four other counties besides Kent. [Hasted's *Kent*. i. 359-360. *Ed.* 1778.] The elder of his two sons, Sampson Lennard [b. 1545—d. 20 Sept. 1615] aged 18, was head over ears in love with Mary Darrell. Now the Darrell family, originally from Yorkshire, lived at Scotney, a manor house in Lamberhurst parish, which is the southernmost parish of that county and adjoins Sussex. They were of lesser note and wealth than the Lennards. Thomas Darrell had married twice. By his first wife, he had a daughter: by his second, Mary Roydon, daughter of — Roydon Esq^r of East Peckham, he had one son, Henry: and four daughters, Mary, Googe's sweetheart; Eleanor Frances; and Margaret. [Hasted's *Kent*. ii. 380. *Ed.* 1782]

Googe had been a long time a visitor at Scotney, certainly before the publication of this work, as the poem above referred to witnesses: but he does not seem to have betrothed himself till the summer of this year. The curious correspondence on this subject opens first with the two following letters from Sir William Cecil, the drafts of which corrected by him, are in the State Paper Office.

1563. OCT. 1. *Mem. of my Master's letters to Mr Lennard for Bar. Googe.*

Mr Lennard I haue ben certifyed by Googe who being my servant is also my kinsman that whereas there hath of late passed an agreement between him and the daughter of Mr Thomas Darrell in Kent as concerning marriage having her friends consent herein as I understand by her fathers letters written vnto him which I have read and being thoroughly at a poynt for all things between them He hath of late by your means been hindered to his great grief as also against all due order of well using whereby he hath declared vnto me that minding to do vnto him so great an iniury your opinion is that he is vtterly destitute of friends and that I make no other account of him but as of one of my men. Whereas I esteeme him as my near kinsman and so he shalbe sure to find me in any reasonable case Wherefore I pray you herrin to vse him no otherwise than one whom I well esteem. I haue seen the letters that haue passed between her father and him as also her own letters whereby the matter is made clear vnto me that she hath fully assured herself vnto him."

Knowing what we do of Sir William Cecil's soundness of judgment: the circumstances must have been very strong in favour of Googe before he could have thus written: and as also in the following letter to Mr Darrell.

"After my very hearty commendations. Where as I understand that Googe my servant hath been a sutor to your daughter moved chiefly as I take it by the virtuous report of her and the friendly entertainment that he found at your hands, as both by his information and certain your letters written to him I understand since he hath so far provided that there hath assurance passed between them evidently to be proved by his allegation and her own letters. These shall be to require you not to go about to break the bond so perfectly knit between them, whereof you have been so long a favorer. Considering that you knew as well his estate for living at the first as at any time since and allthough his living be not great ye shall not need to fear that he lacketh friends and wellwishers. Being both my kinsman and my servant. Thus I require you to show him such friendship as you have done before as you would require any frendship at my hands. I haue thought to haue written to my Lord of Canterbury to have made an end of the matter but I trust my letters to you in this case shall be sufficient."

Mr Lennard's own reply to the Secretary of State's request, is now *Lansdowne MS.* 7. p. 79-83.

1563. NOV. 10. My duty done vnto your honor. Your lettre directed to me touching master Googe was delyvered a moneth after the date thereof to a boye of my howse by a ploughe boy. The cause not yours but master Googes. I hasted the lesse to sende the answer for lacke of his messenger: The matter not worth my sending saving to

satisfie you The effect of your lettre is that master Googe hath enformed you that he is hindred by my meanes concerning his mariage with master Darrell his daughter and that my opinion is that he is destitute of frendes and that you accompte not of him but as of one of your men. Ye write further that the matter is made plaine to you by the maides lettres and her fathers which you haue sene and redde that she hath assured her selfe to master Googe: and in asmuche as it hath pleased you so to put the one side, it occasioneth me to offer to you th[e]other to that ende which els I would not for the tedyousnes thereof, which may not be shortened.

I praie you doubte not that I haue good will to pleasure any man of yours muche more your honest kyndesman. There is cause why I shoulde, you being my good Master. But for this marriage I myght and must haue done with honesty as I did, with reuerence I speake it, though it had touched your sonne or the best subiecte in this Realme.

I knowe not master Googe who as he hath sclaundered me to you for your accompting of him being hidden to me, so vntreuly and scornefully he as one that seemeth to haue a whoote hedde and a sicke braine wrote to me this somer past that by the extreme highte of my promysed mountaines master Darrell had altered his mynde from him and for riches sake ment to matche his daughter with my sonne and that freudes of the best which shoulde be able to beare strooke with the best of his aduersaries shoulde do and write in the cause. He hath also mysused me in an other lettre the copy is here inclosed. They that knowe him and my sonne thyncke aswell or better of my sonne as of him to all respectes. And there were not cause why I would wyshe my son buried. Mountaynes be lyke I promysed none, for master Darrell will confesse that he and his wyfe before master Googes sute, were earnest suters to me and that their daughter was as forwarde in desire as woman hedde would geue leue to matche with my sonne: and that I never commended but still disabled my sonne to them all thre and they all thre as fast habiled and commended my sonne.

Master Darrell telleth me that vpon your lettre sent to him for master Googe he wrote to you that his promyse his wifes and daughters were past them to me for my sonne before master Googes sute and that the talke which he had with master Googe thereof happened by his mystaking of a lettre of myne. He wrote truely to you therein which clereth me.

I had diuers talks with the maide for my sonne in his absence and yet no mo then she was glad of and then delyvered me by her parents. And hereto I call god to witnesse that not withstandyng my obieccions (as of purpose to trye her I moued many to longe to be recyted here that myght haue stayed her from matching with my sonne) so farre was she from a nay that she neuer offred any delay to be my sonnes wif bnt was most desirous of it in worde and gesture: so that at our last talke, hearynge her mylde and loving answers will full consent to haue my sonne who I know loved her entierly and therefore I hauing good lyking in me that he shoulde be her husband, nature wrought in me for her to lay my ryght hande on her brest and to speake thus in effecte *then I see that with gods helpe the frute that shall come of this body shall possesse all that I haue, and therevpon I will kyss you.* And so in dede I kyssed her. I gaue her after this, silke for a gowne (she neuer wore none so good), and she in token of her good will gave my sonne a handkercher and in affirmance of this her father wrote a letter to me by her consent he saith and that he redde the lettre to her, the copy is here inclosed that declareth her full consent to be my sonnes wife.

Master Darrell dwelleth from me nere xx myles a way that I never vsed but for this purpose and then in somer and at my comyng thither at Bartholomewetide last I tolde the parents and maide that I herd say she shoulde haue a husband whereat I merueiled considering the talke that had past betweene vs. They all thre answered me and others for me very often that it was not so and that master Googe was but a suter To prove that to be true the parents sent me afterward a copy herinclosed of the maides lettre sent to master Googe of late wherein she termeth him to be but a suter and prayeth him to leue his sute and the parents still say that he hath

no holde of her except that by secrete intysement against their wills he hath caught some worde of her, a thyng e odyous to god and not to be favoured by man.

Now if the talke that she had with me had beene to my sonne it had ben a full contracte but my sonne being absent it is not soo. Yet is it suche matter as therevpon he myght the rather be a suter as master Googe is for it is no rare thyng for one woman to haue dyvers suters at ones.

Thus haue I made you a true discourse of all my doings, which I trust you in whose iudgement I durst put all my lande, lyving, and lyfe can not iudge to be ageine any due order of well vsing thoughte by master Googes false informaccion ye write in your lettre to me to be against all due order of well vsing.

I shoulde be no geyner by this my sonnes matching but should haue forgone a M marks with matching in as good a stocke in the country where I dwell, and sithens suche encumbrance is wrought as I perceyue there ys on the maides part who as I here wavereth in this case I and my sonne may with honestie geue vp our sute therein for I were to madde to matche my eldest sonne where any entangling is and no stedfastnes at all I pray you thyncke not that I wolde so do as surely I wolde not for any treasure in this worlde And so I knytte vpp that thoughte she wolde my sonne saith he will not haue her and I say that he shall not haue her.

Master Googe by fyrst talke with me vppon good cause showed might haue staid my sonnes sute soner then by sawsy lettres some sent by ruffians. Yf I sought to marry a beggers daughter I wolde therein offer her father no despite. Master Darrell sayeth that master Googe vseth him so evell seking aide at his ennemyes hande in the country about him and hath faced him that he wolde tell the Queene of him and that a seriaunt at armes shoulde fetch his daughter from him and that you shoulde fetch her within a month with a number of other straunge dealings which haue troubled the gentleman muche.

And so I leave to trouble you Wishinge you increase of honor At Chevening the xth of November 1563.

Your seruauant assuredly to command I. Lennard.

ENDORSED.—*To the right honourable and his very good Master Sir William Cecil knyght chiefe Secretary to the Queenes maiestie.*

The three enclosures of Mr. Lennard's letter are as follows:—

ENCLOSURE A. *The effect of one of master darells letters sent to master Lennard, which as master Darrell yet sayethe he wrate by his daughters consent. And dyd read yt to her and so sent yt to master Lennard.*

After my ryght harty commendations etc. presumynge of youre good wyll and goodnes towardes my daughter mary: although that before yat I moued ye mariage, betwene youre sonne and her I knewe ryght well yat it was my daughters goodwyll and desire to haue it to come to passe: and so moued it by her consent and desire. Yet accordinge to youre godly admonition in youre letter, I haue agayne fully trauayled with her therein: and fynde her moste wylling and desirouse to matche with youre sonne, so yat she is truly master Sampsonnes: who shalbe sure to haue of her a lounge and obedient wife, and you and mastres Lennarde an obedient daughter. And although nature myghte moue my tonge and penne, to say and write muche in fauour of my daughter, yet as god shall iudge me in this case, if I knewe any spotte in her I would expresse it to you: she is truly gods seruauant, and I trust yat he wyll so preserue her. &c. &c.

Your lounge frend T. Darrell.

ENDORSED.—*A Coppye of ye effect of one of master Darrelles letters, sent to master Lennard.*

ENCLOSURE B.—*A Coppye of Marye Darelles letter sent to master Goge.*

After my harty commendations gentle master Googe where you haue binne and yet do continue a Sutor to me in ye waye of maryage whereunto nether presently I haue nor I am well assured neuer shall haue, ye good wyll or consent of father nor mother to whome I am both by ye lawe of god and nature bound

to geue honoure and obedyence, and in no wise wyllingly to greue or offend them. And do well consider yat my chefe obedience and dutye towarde them, is to be bestowed in maryage by there consentes, and to there good contentation Assurynge my selfe in meditation and thinkynge hereof hereof yat beyng there obedient chylde and to them most bounden in disobayenge them therein, I shall not only be deprived from yat blessinge, which god hath promised to suche as truly honor there parentes, but also shalbe assured to fynde and haue ye like disobedience of my chylde: yf euer god shall geue me any: which by godes grace I wyll eschue. Wherefore I hartely beseeche you ientle master Googe, if euer any true loue or goodwyll you haue borne towarde me, cease and leave off from all further sute or meanes to me in this matter, lettynge you to wete yat knowynge my parentes myndes to ye contrarye hereof, I wyll in no wyse match with you in any case. And thus wisshinge to you, in other place to matche accordynge to your own hartes desire, and to youre farre greter aduancemente, I bid you farewell. From my fathers house at Scotney this thursday the. xxth of octobre. Marye Darell.

ENDORSED.—*A Cofye of marye Darrells but sent to master Goge, verye lately.*

ENCLOSURE C.

Ryght worshipfull and my lounge frindes I haue receaued youre letters wherein you write yat you perfectly understand ye hole state of ye case yat hath passed betwene master lennard and youre cosinne mary before my acquayntaunce with her, even so haue I binne certyfyed of a pretye lassyng toye as touchynge a precontracte declarynge at full ye sharp inuencyon of master lennards graue hedd, whereat if old Democritus were now alyue, I would thynke yat he should haue iuster cause to lasse then at his contrymens folly. Ye seame to wyll a meatynge to be had betwene vs, whereunto I with all my hart consent, althoughe a number consydering my case would not doe, consyderynge the martiall furniture yat hath benne prepared ageynst me, and ye Italyon inuentyons yat haue binne menaced towarde me, which when ye counsell shal vnderstande, I trust they will not altogether commend. For all this, takynge you to be my verye fryndes, I reioyse to meate you, neyther if my aduersaries should be in commission, would I feare to see them. Of one thyng I must craue pardonne, for not beyng able to meate you on sundaye because I haue sent my manne to ye courte, who wyll retorne on munday as I trust, but whether he do or not, I wyll with godes leaue wayte vpon you at yat daye in hast from Dongeon [or Dane gone, a manor house close to Canterbury, at this time the residence of his grandmother Margaret, now a widow of her *third* husband, Sir James Hales, who died in 1558], the xvth of octobre. Your lounge frynd Barnabe Goge.

ENDORSED.—*A scornefull letter written by master Goge, to master George Darrell and master Edward Darrell.*

From all this it is clear that the Darrell parents were basely striving their very utmost to make their daughter Mary give up her true love and to match for money. Here was the girl in grief and dismay withstanding the alternate solicitations and threats of her own parents and the attempted hold on her of John Lennard. The matter did not, however, stop with his correspondence. It went before Archbishop Parker, who refers to it in the following letter to Cecil, dated 'thys Saturdaye at night beyng the xxth of Nonembre.'

1563. Nov. 19. "Yt may please your honor to vnderstand that I haue grete cause most humblye to gyue the Queenes Maiesty thanks, for the fauor showed toward my request for the preferment of my chaplen and so likewise I hartely thanke your instancye therein as by your letters I vnderstand. Wherein ye wryght for your cosyn and seruauit Barnaby Goge to haue his matter heard according to Lawe and equitye/ which matter as yesterdaye I haue examined a[d]visedly, having not only the yong Gentlewoman before me to vnderstand of her self the state of the cause, who remayneth fyrm and stable to

stood to that contract which she hath made, as also her father and mother whom I find, the most earnest parents against the bargain as I ever sawe.

In fyne I haue sequestered her out of both their handes into the custodie of one Mr. *Tuiston* a right honest gentleman. vntyl, the precontract, which is by hir parents alleged for one Leonards son, a protonotary be induced But this maye giue occasion to bryng it in to the Arches to spend moneye how be yt I meane to dull that expectation and to go *plane et summarie* to worke, to spare expences, which Mr Leonard and the wilful parents wuld fayne incur to wery the yong Gentleman, paraventure not superfluously monyed so to sayle the seas with them." *Lands. MS. 6. p. 190.*

It is thoroughly satisfactory to find that the parental combination broke down, and that at last, in 1564 or 1565, though at what date we cannot say, two such constant lovers became man and wife.

1565. APR. 28. Googe's final and complete translation of Manzoli's poem appeared. From the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Sir W. Cecil, we extract the following:—

"The fauorable accepting of my simple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor, hath so much boldened and thorowelye encouraged me, that mawgre the despite of most reprochfull tonges, I haue not feared to finish the course of my long pretended race: with no lesse profite as I trust, vnto a number, than paynefull trauayle vnto my selfe. Wherein if I had known at the firste, as much as since I haue perfectly vnderstode, neyther had I as then taken vpon me so great an enterprise, nor since so rudely finished, the translation of so eloquent a Poet. For when I fyrste began to employ some part of my leysure aboute it, making dilligente inquirie, I could learne of no man that euer had attempted to english the same. So that perceyuing my labour to be no hindraunce to any other mans prayse, and lamenting to see so Christian a writer to lie hyd and vnknownen to the ignoraunt sorte, I thought I should not do amisse, if al that in me lay I bestowed, in the albeite simple and slender, yet faythfull and true translation, of so vertuous a worke. But since I haue certayne vnderstoode, that when I firste began to fall in hand wythall, three bookes thereof were both eloquently and excellently englished, by Master Smith, clark vnto the most honorable of the Queenes Maiesties counsell. Whose doings, as in other matters I haue wyth admiration behelde, so in thys I am well assured I should with an amased minde haue seene: I would that eyther I had latelier begonne it, or else that he had fallen in hand sooner with it, whereby my grosse and homely style might haue bene no hindrance to the frutes of so pure a penne. But since it was my fortune, so blindly to venture vpon it, I truste my trauayle shall neuer the more be enuiud. I could not (when I had long debated ye matter with myselfe) finde out a Poet more meete for the teaching of a Christian life (an estate in these oure dayes most miserably decayed) than this no lesse learned than famous Italian: *Marcellus Pallingenius*, a man of such excellent learning and Godly life, that neither ye vnquietnesse of his time (Italie in those dayes raging wyth most cruell and bloody warres) ne yet the furious tyranny of the Antichristian Prelate (vnder whose ambitious and Tirannicall gouernaunce he continually liued) coule once amase the *Muse*, or hinder the zealous and vertuous spirit of so Christian a Souldiour. I haue many times much mused wyth my selfe, howe (liuing in so daungerous a place) he durst take vpon him so boldly to controll the corrupte and vnchristian liues of the whole Collodge of contemptuous Cardinals, the vngracious ouerseings of bloudthirsty Bishops, the Panchplyng practises of pelting Priours, the manifold madnesse of mischeuous Monkes, wyth the filthy faterntie of flattering Friers. Which surely he durst neuer haue done, but onely that he was heartened wyth a happy and heavenly spirite. Which notable audacitie of his was wonderfully reuenged by the malicious hands of such as felt themselves fretted with his spiritual corsey. For when they had no power to execute their tyrannie vpon his innocent body in time of his life, their mischeuous malice was no whit ashamed to consume with fyre the blamelesse bones of so vertuous a man: yea and that a great while after his death. Besides the reprouing of the leud liues of the Clergie, he boldly inueyed agaynst

the gracelesse gouernance of proud pompous Princes, ye licencious liuing of the riottous nobilitie, couetous catchings of greedy Lawyers, the vngodly gaynes of foolish Physitians, and the corrupted consciences of deceytfull Artificers: affirming playnly, that if they did not better beautify their christian names with a more christian life, of so many thousands as haue in vaine receiued that most holy sacrament of sacred Baptisme, there should scarce three aspire vnto the enheritance of Heauenly ioyes. What doth your honor suppose this man would haue written? Vnto how great a volume doe you thinke his works would haue amounted, if so that GOD had appoynted him to florish at this present time in England, wheras pitifully raigneth such monstrous and horrible pride, such cancred and spiteful malice, such false and fayned friendships, such lack of loue and charity, such professing of God in words, and denying him in works, as doubtlesse is not to be found among the faythlesse Turks, miscreant Sarazens, or superstitious Iewes?

I would therefore wish that we should not to much presume of the securitie obtayned by a Christian name, but that we should wyth our endeouour apply our selues to shew such fruits as duetie requireth in the followers of Christe. Whereby we shoulde not onely preuayle agaynst our enemies, and stoppe the mouths of our slaunderous aduersaries, but also enjoy a blessed and happy tranquility in this worlde, and be assured to obtayne the promised pleasures in the worlde to come. For the teachinge whereof, I know no man that hath so much trauayled and perfectly profyted, as hath this Poet, which here present vnto your honor.

1570. Googe's translation of Kirchmeyer's poem appears dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, under the title of *The Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist*.

1572. OCT. 18. Dame Hales, Googe's maternal mother dies.

There are no less than twenty autograph letters of Googe between these years in the State Paper Office calendered under S. P. Domestic. *Ireland*. Googe—who held the patent of Provost Marshal to the Court of Connaught—was sent over by Lord Burleigh to watch Irish affairs. Most of these letters will be found in the life of Googe contributed by Mr Pinkerton to *Notes and Queries*. 3rd S. iii.

1576. He published a revised text of his translation of the *Zodiacus vite*.

1577. He published a translation from the Latin of the *Four Bookes of Husbandrie* of Conrad Heresbachius. The preface is dated Kingston [upon Hull?] January 1577.

1578. A second edition of this book appeared.

1579. He supplied a prose address to B. Rich's *Allarme to England*.

1579. He published a translation from the Spanish of *The Proverbs* of Inez Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana.

1586. A third edition of his revision of Heresbachius appears.

1588. A second edition of his revised text of his translation of Palingenius appeared.

T. Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* states on authority of the Coxeter MSS. that Googe also translated Aristotle's *Categories*.

I am indebted to Mr. C. Bridger, Hon. Member of the Soc. of Ant. of Newcastle, for the following information respecting Googe's death.

1594. FEB. Barnabee Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Esq. Inq. post. mort. taken at Lowth 6 Oct. 36. Eliz: died circa 7 Feb. 36. Eliz: Matthew Goche his son and heir then 28 years old.

FEB. 16. Barnabas Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln, Administration granted to Mary Goche his relict. *Perog. Ct. of Cant.*

INTRODUCTION.



The continuity of the Art of Poesy in this country has been unbroken from the time of Chaucer to our own day. Not that great or even considerable Poets have overlapped one another in a continuous succession: but there have never wanted those who, according to the gift that was in them, have perpetually represented by their Song, beauty of expression, refinement of ideas, ethereality of fancy, vigour of satire, or the passion and merriment of human life. During no portion of this time has England been wholly destitute of true Poetry, or barren of real 'makers.'

2. In comparison with the literary splendour and glory that crowned the last days of Elizabeth, the early years of her reign might seem poor and stunted in mind. But it is only with *such* a comparison; one which also dwarfs not only earlier but later ages. Actually, the first two decades of this reign are a general advance in this branch of literature on the two previous reigns, and more especially exhibit a sharp rebound from the oppressiveness of the government of Philip and Mary.

Therefore, just as we delight to search out the fountain head, and to trace the early streamlets of a mighty river which, in its full strength, may carry on its bosom world of wealth for the use and pleasure of man; so it behoves us closely to scan these first buddings of a free literature in the genial spring-tide of the new Queen's reign; now that the furious storms of religious and intellectual oppression had passed away: and so to trace out the works of that race of writers who were the heralds, the forerunners, the teachers of Spenser,

Shakespeare, and Johnfon, and their glorious phalanx of contemporary poets.

We have said 'general' advance, because Tottel's *Miscellany* of 1557 is, in its varied excellence, the substantive beginning of modern English verse. Yet that collection represents the poetical gleanings of three entire reigns, and is exceptional from the general literature of the time in which it was printed. But with the new Queen poetry came into fashion, and almost all the young gentlemen of the Inns of Court tried their prentice hands at it.

3. As in spring-tide we gather flowers rather than fruits, so in this earlier literature we must look for imperfect Assays rather than finished Masterpieces. Most modern literatures have commenced with translations, imitations, and the like. At this time there was quite a rage for translating. The riches of old classical thought and style; the charms of Italian and Spanish fiction; history, morals, tragedies, romances both in prose and verse; with translated poems, constituted the staple of English polite literature at this time. With this there was the constant accretion of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and also, though not to any large extent, original lighter verse, as in the present work and also George Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets*, of which there are believed to have been three editions by 1570; of the earliest of which no copy is at present known.

4. Associating with many of these translators, himself distinguished for his English version of Manzoli's *Zodiacus Vitæ*, Barnabe Googe, a young gentleman of 20 to 23 years of age, fresh from college, wrote for his private delectation most of the contents of this Reprint. How his friend Blundeston sent what he had written to the 'poor printer,' with two prefaces of his own, about

Whitfuntide 1562, and how Googe in 1563 came at length to acquiesce in their completion and publication, is sufficiently told by themselves in the prefaces, and need not be here repeated.

5. It is noteworthy that there was a general habit about this time of cutting the long twelve or fourteen syllable line into two, so that the rhyme only occurs on the second and fourth lines. This is noticeable in the early translations of Seneca between 1500-1560, by Jasper Heywood, Alexander Neville (a contributor also to this volume), John Studley, Thomas Nuce, and Thomas Newton, as also in the poetical works of George Turberville and others. The sole reason for this would seem to have been to print on a small page of paper; for in some of these works poems do occasionally occur in smaller type with such lines at full length.

6. In the story of English literature this most rare volume occupies an important place from its epitaphs of Phaer and Grimaold, both of them translators; and its Sonnets to Dean Nowell, Bishop Bale, and Richard Edwards 'of the Chappel.' Some of these have been printed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*; but the work, as a whole, has never been printed since 15th March 1563. Cordial thanks are due and tendered to Mr. Huth for the loan of his copy for this edition.

7. This small Collection is also interesting as being to a large extent native verse, though on the Italian model. It was undoubtedly in much superinduced by Tottel's *Miscellany*, to which it is in nature and quality the next in time; being itself succeeded by Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, &c.*, and that by a succession of similar works, until the appearance of Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* of 1602.

8. One very noticeable feature of Googe's compositions in this volume is his earnest Protestantism. He had known some good Shepherds Daphnes or Alexis, that had flamed in the fire of the Maryan persecution. Almost all his publications are strongly anti-Romanist. Taught by the Reformers of Edward VI.'s time, horrified at the cruelties of Mary's reign; Googe represents both the intellectual and moral hatred of the young educated Englishmen of that time of the entire Papal system.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I.—As a separate publication.

1. 1563. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 88 leaves.

There appear to have been printed two title-pages to this work.

Of the three copies known, two are those in the collection of Mr. Huth, and in the Capel collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, have the title as on the opposite page; while Mr. W. C. Hazlitt describes, in his *Handbook of Pop. Lit.*, Ed. 1867, the title of Mr. Heber's copy, now in the collection of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, at Britwell, thus:

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes by Barnabe Googe. COL. Imprynted at London in S. Brydes-Churchyarde, by Thomas Colwell, for Raufe Newbery; and are to be sold at his shop in Fletestreet, a little above the conduit 1563. 15 die Mensis March.

It is also to be noted that the first two also vary between themselves at the beginning of *Egloga septima*: see p. 56.

Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

2. 1871. DEC. 1. *English Reprints*: see title on p. 1.

Eglogs

Epytaphes, and Sonettes.

Newly written by
Barnabe Googe:

1563.

15. Marche.

Imprynted at London, by
Thomas Colwell, for Raffe
Newbery, dwelyng in
Fleetstrete a litle a-
boue the Conduit
in the late shop
of Thomas
Bartelet.

¶ *Alexander Newyll.*



He Mountaines hie the bluftryng winds
 The fluds: ye Rocks withftand
 The Cities ftrong, the Cannons fhott,
 and threatning Cheiftains hand.
 The Castels houghe by longe befeyge,
 and dredfull battrye brooke, [thumps
 Bothe fyre, and flames, and thundrynge
 and euery deadly ftroke,
 With feruent broylyng furious rage,
 doth beate, and dryue to groun
 The long defenced wals by force,
 and throughly them confound.
 Ryght fo thy Mufe (O worthy *Googe.*)
 thy pleafaunt framed ftyle
 Difcouerd lyes to momifh Mouthes
 Reprochfull tonges and vyle
 Diffaming minds. Regard them not.
 preas thou for hygher prayfe.
 Submit thy felfe to perfons graue,
 whose Iudgement ryght alwayes
 By Reason rulde doth ryghtly iudge,
 whom Fancies none can charme,
 Which in the moft Inconstant brains,
 are chyefly wont to fwarme.
 Whom no defyre of fylthy gayne,
 whom lucre none can moue
 From truth to ftay. Such men eftream,
 Such fuch embrace and loue.
 On fuch men ftay thy tender years,
 fuch Patrons feeke to chufe.
 Which taught by Tyme, and practifde Prooffe
 vprighteft iudgement vfe.
 But as for thofe Crabftowted beftes
 thofe ragyng feends of Hell.
 Whofe vile, malicious, hatefull mindes,
 with boylyng Rancour swell.

Which pufe with Pryde, enflamd with fpight,
and drownd in deape difdain :

Lyke *Momus* monftrous broode outright
euen of a ielows Brayn

With curious, canckard, carping mouthes,
moft famous dedes diffame,

Defacing thofe whose labours great,
Deferue immortall name.

Such crabfaced, cankerd, carlifh chuffs
within whose hatefull brestes,

Suche Malice bydes, fuche Rancour broyles,
fuch endles Enuy refts

Efteame thou not. No preiudice
to thee : nor yet oprest,

Thy famous wrytynges are by them.
Thou lyueft and euer fhalt.

Not all the flaundryng tonges aliue,
may purchafe blame or fault

Vnto to thy name (O worthy *Googe*.)
No tyme, no fyrre flame

Not all the furies frettyng Force,
Thy doynges may dyffame.

Let them in broyle of burning fpight,
continuall Toyle fustayne

Let them fele fcourging Plags of mind
Let euer duryng payne,

Spred through their poisoned vaines.
with payfe of dedly waight: Let Care

Opprefse theyr vyle infected Harts,
with flynging Malyce fraight.

Let them deftroy them felvs in Time.
In Rancour let them boyle.

Let mortall hate, let pynching gryefe,
let flamyng torments broyle,

Within theyr greuous vexed brests,
for euermore to dwell

Let them fele Enuies curfed force,
(confumyng Feend of Hell.)

Defye them all. *μωᾶνθρωποι*
 and squynteyd Monsters ryght
 They are. In fyne leue Sow to swill
 and Chuff to canckerd Spyght.
 But thou procede in vertuous dedes,
 and as thou hafte begon,
 Go forward styll to aduaunce thy fame
 Lyfes Race halfe ryghtly ron
 Farre easyer tis for to obtain,
 the Type of true Renowne.
 Like Labours haue been recompens't
 with an immortall Crowne.
 By this doth famous *Chaucer* lyue,
 by this a thousande moore
 Of later yeares. By this alone
 the olde renowned Stoore
 Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this
 theyr Praife, aloft doth mownt.
 Vnto the Skyes: and equall is
 with Stars aboue. Accownt
 Thy selfe then worthy of the lyke,
 yf that thou doste proceade
 By famous deds thy Fame to enhaunce
 and name abroad to spreade.
 With Courage stout than through the thickest
 thou needst not for to feare.
 Nor he that sayth, but he that doth,
 ought *Glories* Garlande weare.
 Thus shalt you styll augment thy name,
 and wyn the hyghe Renowne,
 And present Prayse, in present Lyfe,
 and after Death a Crowne
 Of Honour, that for euer lasts.
 immortall *Fame* in fyne.
 To whose reward, thy faithfull Friend
 doth wholly the resygne.

¶ *Finis.*

*To the ryght worship=
full M. William Louelace
Esquier, Reader of Grayes
Inne: (Barnabe Googe)
wyssheth health.*



Owe lothe I haue ben, beyng of long tyme earnestlye requyred, to suffer these tryfles of mine to come to light: It is not vnknownen to a greate nombre of my famyliar acquaintaunce. Who both dayly and hourelly moued me therunto, and lytell of long tyme preuayled therin. For I both consydered and wayed with my selfe, the grofenes of my Style: which thus commytted to the gasyng shewe of euery eye shuld forth with disclose yemanifest folly of the Writer, and also I feared and mistrusted the disdaynfull myndes of a nombre both scornfull and carpyng Correctours, whose Heades are euer busyed in tauntynge Iudgementes. Least they shuld otherwyse interpret my doyngs than in deade I meant them. These two so great mischiefes vtterly diswaded me from the folowyng of my frendes perswasions, and wylled me rather to condem them to continuall darkenes, wherby no Inconuenience could happen: than to endaunger my selfe in gyuyng them to lyght, to the disdaynfull doome of any offended mynde. Notwithstandynge all the dylygence that I could vse in the Suppression therof coulde not suffise for I my selfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearynge any suche thyng to happen. A very Frende of myne, bearyng as it semed better wyll to my doyngs than respectynge the hazarde of my name, commytted them all togyther vnpolysht to the

handes of the Prynter. In whose handes durynge his absence from the Cytie, tyll his returne of late they remayned. At whiche tyme, he declared the matter wholly vnto me: shewynge me, that beyng so farre past, and Paper prouyded for the Impression therof: It coulde not withoute great hynderaunce of the poore Printer be nowe reuoked. His sodayne tale made me at ye fyrst, vtterly amazed, and doubting a great while, what was best to be done: at the lengthe agreyng both with Necessytie and his Counsell, I sayde with *Martiall. iam sed poteras tutior esse domi.* And calling to mynde to whom I myght chieflie commyt the fruytes of my smiling muse: sodaynly was cast before my eyes the perfect vewe of your frendly mynd (gentle Maister Louelace) Vnto whom for the nombred heapes of fundrye Frendshyps, accountynge my selfe as bounde, I haue thought best to gyue them, (not doubtyng) but that they shalbe as well taken, as I do presently meane them.

Desyrynge you herein, as all suche as shall reade them especialllye to beare with the vnpleasaunt forme of my to hastily fynysht Dreame, the greater part wnerof with lytle aduysse I lately ended, because the beginnyng of it, as a senseles head separated from the body was gyuen with the rest to be prynted. And thus desyrynge but for recompence the frendly receuyng of my slender Gyfte, I ende: wyshynge vnto you good Mayster Louelace in this life the happye enioyng of prosperous yeares: and hereafter the blessed estate of neuer ceasyng Ioye.

¶ yours assuredly
Barnabe Googe.

[Hereafter follows on the next page the original Edition, a rough woodcut of *Daphnes* and *Amintas*.]

¶ L. Blundeston *to the Reader.*



O creepe into thy fauoure (good Reader) with a longe paynted Preamble in prayse of this Auctor, I account it as vain. The Sonne Beames gyues light sufficient. To moue thy Affection with forepromysed pleasure in reading the volume, I think it as Booteles. Gold is of self force and vertue to draw the desire. But with flowers of Rethorique fyrst to delyght the, or with Pythy Reasons to wynne thy good wyll and frendlye Reporte for this my attempte: yf suche tropes and signes were flowing in me to perswade wel thy fauour or so muche Discrefcion wantynge in the to necglecte my good meanyng, I would eyther enforce my self to vse a better kynde of perswasion or els withdrawe my good wyll from the Sentence of so carpynge and slender a Iudgement: but as I haue felte no fluddes of the one, so likewyse I see no Ebbes of the other, that if I weare no more barraygne of the fyrste, then fearefull of the laste: I woulde be then no more sparynge to horde vp my Treasure from the: then I trust to fynd the vnthankfull now in takyng this Present from me, which not onely to shewe my good wyll, (as my Preface discourseth more largely) by preferuyng the worthy Fame, and Memorye of my deare frende M. Googe in his absence I haue presumed more bouldely to hazard ye pryntyng heareof, though this maye suffyce to excuse well my enterpryse, but also to styrre vp thy Pleasure

and further thy proffit by readyng these his workes, whiche here I haue Pupylished [? Publyshed]: openly vnto thee. And so (beyng vnstored my selffe) I seake to fateffie thy learned or willyng desyre with other mens trauailes. But wheare the power fayleth the will may suffice, the gyuer, not the gyft is to be regarded: preferre Colonus Radythe roote before the Courtiers barbed horse.

Accept my goodwyll and way not the valew, so shalt thou bynd me if power (as it is vnlikely, maye aunswere hearafter my meanyng, to gratefie thee with the whole fruits of myne owne indeuour and so shalt thou encourage others to make the partaker of the like or farre greater Iewels who yet doubtyng thy vnthankfull receyte nigardly keape them to their own yse and priuat commoditie, whear as beyng affured of the contrarye by thy frendly report of other mens trauayles, they coulde parhappes be easely entreated more frely to lend them abroad to thy greater auayle and furtheraunce. Thus therfore to thy good or euill taking I put foorth this paterne for others to follow in weightyer matters or els to beware by other mens harms, in keaping their names vnreproued by sylence.

¶ From my Chambre,
the. xxvii. of Maye.

1562.

¶ *The Preface of L. Blundeston.*



HE Sences dull of my appalled muse
Foreweryed with the trauayle of my brayne
In scannynge of the argued Bookes diffuse,
And darke for me the glimeryng fyght
to gayne,

Debated long what exersyce to vse,
To fyle the edgesles partes of Wit agayne
To clenfe the Heade from sleapy humours
flyme.

To rouse the Hart from drowfye Dreames
in time.

The mind desyres to brek from thoughtfull denne
And time requyres the painted felds to vewe.
The Eye procures to please the Fancie then
With fieldish fights of diuers colours newe.
The smelling likes the fauour swete of them.
The Eare agrees the pleasaunt laye anewe
Of Byrds to here. Thus these do all contryue,
With this disporte the Spirits to reuyue.

But Fancie then, by ferche of selfe deuysed,
Renouncyng thus to spende the pleasaunt Maye
So vainly out with sport of fruteles Pryce
Found out at length, this practyse for my playe,
To penne in Verse, the toyes of her deuise,
To pas this tyme of Pentecoste awaye
Whose ydle dayes, she wyld me thus to spende.
And publish forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reason no, (and brake her tale begon,
Wilt thou presume, lyke Bayarde blynd to presse,
Into the throng of all the lookers on
Whose vewyng eyes, will wey thy wisdom lesse,

To se the threde of all thy workes yll spon
 Drawen out at length, vnto the comon gesse,
 Then if thou shuldst keepe to thy selfe thy clewe
 Where none thy works besydes thy self may vew

With this rose vp, from oute her Seate behynde,
 Dame Memorye, and Reason thus besought.
 Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art affygnde
 To rule and temper all my secrete thought
 And to restrane affections Fancie blynde,
 Let me entreate if I may perce the ought,
 For to present a Solace very fytte
 Our Sences dull with chaunged Muse to whet,

Lo here the Eye a Paper buntche doth se
 Of fyled worke of Googes flowing Heade,
 Leste here behynde, when hence he past from me
 In all the stormes that Winter blastes bespreade
 Through swellyng Seas and loftye mountains hye
 Of Pyrenei the pathes vnknownen to treade.
 Whose great good wyll I kepe, and in his place
 His Verses craue to represent his face.

Vnfolde the trusse therfore and yf the Muse
 Be sotted so with this graue Study past
 In so short space, or if we seke to chuse
 To prynt our actes in safetie at the last
 Cease of a whyle this Labor and peruse
 These Papers left of fuche delyghting taste
 And put in prynt these workes of worthy Skyl
 So shall we showe the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lykte, imagynyng aryght
 Of her owne Ioye in hearyng of his Verse
 And pleasaunt Style, most pythyly endyght
 whose Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel reherle
 But for to paynt my name in open sight
 with others Stufte, this wold she sayne reuerse,
 And thinkes I should in others Plumes so show
 My selfe, to be a seconde Efops Crowe.

But after when the Eye had vewed eche Lyne.
 That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
 when Memorye could all the effect refygne,
 To Reafons Skyll, to weye them as they lye.
 with long reherfe of tryed Fayth by tyme
 Then Fancie foone her Pryde, began to plye
 And all receyued muche pleasure to the Mynde
 More profytte farre then Fancie had affygnde.

And Fancie thus her felfe with blufhyng face,
 Condemned by Dame Reafons dome deuyne
 To fe th[e]alluryng Style the cumly grace,
 The fappye Sence of this his paffyng Ryme,
 So farre furmountynge her Inuention bafe,
 And hearyng of his frendlynes in fyne
 whiche Memorye her Storehouse held full fafte
 Allowed well theyr Iudgements at the lafte.

Since euerye Sence did wonted ftrengh renue,
 The Blud congeld, recourfed to his place
 The wyts benomd brought to their proper quue
 The Hart oppreff with old delighting grace,
 Vnburdend nowe and puft with pleasure newe
 By takyng of this Booke the vewyng gafe.
 They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,
 To wrefte her felfe to quyght thefe works anon.

Thus pufhte I forth ftayghte to the Printers hande
 Thefe Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men
 Vnto the Readers Eyes for to be skande,
 with Prayfes fuche as is due vnto them
 who abfent nowe theyr Mafter may commende,
 And feade his Fame what foeuer fayleth him,
 Gyue Googe therfore his owne deferued Fame,
 Giue Blundeston leaue to wyfh wel to his name :

Egloga prima.

Daphnes.

Amintas.



Yth *Phebus* now begins to flame,
O frende *Amintas* deare:
And placed hath his gorgeous *globe*
in midste of all the Spheare
And from ye place doth cast his Beames,
where (they that starres defyne)
Lyes poynt (doo faye) that termed is,
ryght Equinoctial lyne.
wheras the Ram doth cause to spring,
eche herbe and floure in fylde
And forceth ground (yat spoyld of grene
Did lye,) newe grene to yelde.
Let shepherds vs yelde also tales,
as best becommes the tyme:
Such tales as Winter stormes haue stayde
in countrey Poets Ryme.
Begyn to synge *Amintas* thou,
for why? thy wyt is best:
And many a faged sawe lies hyd
within thine aged brest.
Ofte haue I heard, of Shephards old,
thy fame reported true,
No Herdman liues: but knowes the praise,
to olde *Amintas* due:
Begyn therfore, and I gyue eare,
for talke doth me delyght,
Go Boye: go dryue the Beastes to fede
whyle he his mynde resyght.

Amin. Thy prayfes *Daphnes* are to great,
 and more for me than meete :
 Nor euer I, fuche faged fawes,
 could fynge in Verfes sweete.
 And now, to talke of fpring time tales
 my heares to hoare, do growe,
 Suche tales as thefe, I tolde in tyme,
 when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.
 But fynce, I can not the denye,
 thy Fathers loue doth bynde :
 In fymple Songe I wyll adrefse
 my felfe, to fhowe my minde.
 Longe haft thou *Daphnes* me requyred
 the ftate of Loue to tell,
 For in my youth, I knewe the force,
 and paffions all, full well.
 Nowe Loue therfore I wyll define,
 and what it is declare,
 which way poore fouls it doth entrap
 and howe it them doth fnare.
 My Boie, remoue my beafts from hens
 and dryue them farther downe,
 Vpon the Hylles, let them go feade,
 that ioyne to yender towne,
 O Cypyde kynge of fyerye Loue,
 ayde thou my fyingnge Verfe,
 And teache me heare the caufe and cafe,
 Of Louers to reherfe,
 Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,
 with Furye fyll my brayne,
 That I may able be to tell,
 the caufe of Louers payne.
 Opinions diuers coulde I fhowe,
 but chiefeft of them all,
 I wyll declare : and for the reft,
 with filence leaue I fhall.
 A feruent Humour, (fome do iudge)
 within the Head doth lye,

Plato.

Which yffuyng forth with poyfoned beames
 doth ron from eye to eye :
 And taking place abroad in heads,
 a while doth fymely rest :
 Till Phrensie framde in Fancie fond,
 difcends from hed, to brest.
 And poison ftrong, from eies outdrawn
 doth perce the wretched harte,
 And all infectes the bloud aboute,
 and boyles in euery parte:
 Thus: when the beames, infected hath,
 the wofull Louers blud :
 Then Sences al, do ftrayght decaye,
 opprest with Furies flud.
 Then Lybertie withdrawes her felf,
 and Bondage beares the fwaye,
 Affection blynd then leades the hart,
 and Wyt, is wownde awaye.
 O *Daphnes* then, the paines appeare,
 and tormentes all of hell.
 Then fokes, the felye wounded foule,
 the flames for to expell.
 But all to late, alas he ftryues,
 for Fancie beares the froke
 And he, muft toyle (no helpe there is)
 in flauyffhe feruyle yoke.
 His blud corrupted all within,
 doth boyle in euery vayne,
 Than fokes he howe to fewe for falue
 that maye redrefse his payne.
 And when the face, he doth beholde
 by whiche he fhulde haue ayde,
 And fees no helpe, then lookes he long,
 and trembleth all afrayde.
 And mufeth at the framed shape,
 that hath his lyfe in handes :
 Nowe faft he flies, aboute the flames,
 nowe ftyll amafed ftandes:

Yet Hope relieues, his hurtful Heate
 and Wyll doth Payne make lyght,
 And al the griefes, that then he feelles
 doth Prefence styll requyght.
 But when the Lyght absented is,
 and Beames in hart remayne,
 Then flames the Fyre fresh agayne,
 and newe begyns his Payne.
 Then longe he lookes, his losse to se,
 then fobbes, and fyghes abounde,
 Then mourneth he, to mys the marke
 that erst to soone he founde.
 Then shadefull places oute he lookes,
 and all alone he lyues,
 Exlynge Ioye, and myrth from him,
 hymselfe to waylynge gyues,
 And styll his minde theron doth muse
 and styll, therof he prates,
 O *Daphnes* here I swere to the,
 no grieve to Louers state.
 Yf he but ones beholde the place,
 where he was wont to mete,
 The pleasaunt forme yat hym enflamd,
 and ioyfull Countnaunce swete.
 The place (a wonderous thing I tell)
 his gryefe augmenteth newe,
 Yet styll he sekes the place to se,
 that mooste he shulde eschewe.
 Yf but the name rehearsed be
 (a thyng more straunge to heare)
 Then Colour commes and goes in hast
 then quaketh he for feare,
 The very name, hath such a force,
 that it can dase the mynde,
 And make the man amasde to stande,
 what force hath Loue to bynde?
 Affection none to this is lyke,
 it doth furmownt them all,

Of greiffes, the greatest greif no doubt
 is to be *Venus* thrall,
 And therefore, *Daphnes* nowe beware,
 for thou art yonge, and fre,
 Take heade of vewynge faces longe,
 for losse of Lybertye,
 I shall not nede (I thynke) to byd
 the, to detest the Cryme,
 Of wycked loue, that *Ioue* did vse,
 In *Ganimedes* tyme,
 For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)
 that thou shuldest seake the fyre,
 Of lawfull Loue, that I haue tolde,
 than burne wyth suche desyre,
 And thus an end, I weryed am,
 my wynde is olde, and faynt,
 Suche matters I, do leaue to suche,
 as finer farre can paint,
 Fetche in the Gote: that goes astraye,
 and dryue hym to the folde,
 My yeares be great I wyl be gone,
 for spryngtyme nyghts be colde.

*Olde as a
 and howe*

Jupiter. Great thanks to the, for this thy tale,
Amintas here I gyue:
 But neuer can I make amendes
 to the whilste I do lyue.
 Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)
 a small rewarde haue here.
 A whistle framed longe ago,
 wherwith my father deare
 His ioyfull beasts, was wont to kepe.
 No Pype for tune so swete
 Might shepharde euer yet posses.
 (a thyng for the full mete.)

Finis Eglogæ primæ.

Egloga secunda.

Dametas.

MY beasts, go fede vpon ye plaine,
and let your herdman lye,
Thou seest her mind, and fearst you nowe,
Dametas for to dye?
Why stayest you thus? why dost you stay
thy lyfe to longe doth laste:
Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,
syth time of hope is paste.
What meanst thou thus to linger on?
thy life wolde fayne departe,
Alas: the wounde doth fester styll,
of cursed Cupids darte.
No salue but this, can helpe thy fore,
no thyng can moue her minde
She hath decreed, that thou shalt dye,
no helpe there is to finde.
Nowe syth there is, no other helpe,
nor ought but this to trye,
Thou seest her mind: why fearste thou than?
Dametas for to dye.
Long hast thou serued, and serued true,
but all alas, in vayne,
For she thy seruyce, nought esteemes,
but deales the grieve for gayne.
For thy good wyll, (a gaye rewarde)
Disdayne, for Loue she gyues,
Thou louest her while thy life doth last,
she hates the, w[h]ile she liues.
Thou flamste, when as you seest her face
with Heate of hye desyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
with depe disdaynfull Ire.
The greatest pleasure is to the,
to se her voyde of Payne,

The greateſt gryefe to her agayne,
 to ſe thy Health remayne.
 Thou coueſte euer her to fynde,
 ſhe ſekes from the to flye,
 Thou ſeeſt her mynd, why fearſt thou than?
Dametas for to dye?
 Doſte thou accounte it beſt to kepe,
 thy lyfe in ſorrowes ſtyll?
 Or thynkſte thou beſt it now to lyue,
 Contrarye to her wyll?
 Thynkſte thou thy lyfe for to retaine?
 when ſhe is not content,
 Canſte thou addicte: thy ſelfe to lyue?
 and ſhe to murder bent.
 Doſte thou entende agayne, to ſewe
 for mercye at her handes?
 As ſoone thou mayſt go plow ye rocks,
 and reape vpon the Sandes.
 Draw nere O mighty Herd of beaſts
 fyth no man els is bye,
 Your Herdman longe that hathe you kept,
Dametas now muſt dye.
 Reſolue your Brutifſhe eies to teares
 and all togyther crye,
 Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
 My pleaſaunt Songs, nowe ſhall you here
 no more on Mountaines hye,
 I leaue you all, I muſt be gone.
Dametas nowe muſt dye:
 To *Titirus* I you reſyne,
 in Paſture good to lye,
 For *Titirus* ſhall kepe you thoughe,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
 O curſed Cauſe, that hath me ſlayne,
 My trothe alas to trye,
 O Shephardes all, be Wytneſſes,
Dametas here doth dye.

Egloga tertia.

Menalcas.

Coridon.



Pleasaunt wether *Coridon*,
and fyttē to kepe the fyelde,
This moone hath brought, hearst you the birds
what ioyfull tunes they yeld?

Loe: how the lustie lambes do course,
whom spring time heate doth pricke
Beholde againe, the aged Yewes,
with bounding leapes do kicke,
Amon[g]st them all, what ayles thy ramme,

to halte so muche behynde,
Some fore mischaunce, hath him besaln
or els some grieve of minde,

For wonte he was, of stomacke stout
and courage hye to be,
And looked proude, amongst ye flocke,
and none so stout as he.

Cor.

A great mishap, and grieve of mynde,
is him besalne of late,
Which causeth him, against his wyll,
to lose his olde estate.

A lustie flocke hath *Titirus*,
that him *Dametas* gaue,
Dametas he, that Martir died,
whose soule the heaue[n]s haue,

And in this flocke, full many Yewes
of pleasaunte forme do goe,
with them a mighty Ramme doth ronne,
that workes all Woers woe.

My Ramme, when he the pleasaunt dames.
had vewed rounde aboute,

Chose grounde of battayle, with his foe
 and thought to fyght it oute.
 But all to weake, (alas) he was,
 althoughe his harte was good,
 For when his enemye him espied,
 he ranne with cruell moode.
 And with his croked weapon smote,
 hym fore vpon the fyde,
 A blowe of force, that stayde not there
 but to the legges dyd glyde.
 And almoſte laamd the woer quyte.
 (ſuche happes in loue there be :)

Men.

This is the cauſe, of all his grieve
 and waylynge that you ſe.
 Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,
 and let vs both go lye,
 In yonder buſſhe of Iuniper,
 the Beaſts ſhall fede hereby.
 A pleaſaunt place here is to talke:
 good *Coridon* begyn,
 And let vs knowe the Townes eſtate,
 that thou remayneſt in.

Cor.

The Townes eſtate? *Menalcas* oh
 thou maſte my harte to grone,
 For Vice hath euery place poſſeſte,
 and Vertue thence is flowne.
 Pryde beares her ſelfe, as Goddeſſe chiefe
 and boaſtes aboue ye Skye,
 And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,
 with Gentlenes her bye,
 Wyt is not ioynde with Symplenes,
 as ſhe was wont to be,
 But ſekes the ayde of Arrogance,
 and craftye Polycie.
 Nobylitie begyns to fade,
 and Carters vp do ſprynge,
 Then whiche, no greater plague can hap,
 nor more pernicious thyng.

Menalcas I haue knowen my selfe,
 within this thyrtye yeare,
 Of Lordes and Auncient Gentlemen
 a hundreth dwellynge theare,
 Of whom we Shephardes had reliefe
 suche Gentlenes of mynde,
 Was placed in theyr noble Hartes,
 as none is now to fynde.
 But Hawtynes and proude Disdayne
 hath nowe the chiefe Estate,
 For syr Iohn Straw, and syr Iohn Cur,
 wyll not degenerate.
 And yet, they dare account them selues
 to be of Noble bludde.
 But Fisse bred vp, in durtye Pooles,
 wyll euer stynke of mudde.
 I promyse the *Menalcas* here,
 I wolde not them enuye.
 Yf any spot of Gentlenes
 in them I myght espye.
 For yf theyr Natures gentell be,
 thoughe byrth be neuer so base,
 Of Gentlemen (for mete it is)
 they ought haue name and place:
 But when by byrth, they base are bred,
 and churlisse harte retaine,
 Though place of gentlemen thei haue
 yet churles they do remayne.
 A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde
 and now full true is tryed:
 An Ape, wyll euer be an Ape,
 thoughe purple garments hyde.
 For feldom, wyll the mastye course,
 the Hare or els the Deare:
 But styll, accordynge to his kynde.
 wyll holde, the hogge by th[e]eare.
 Vnsitte are dunghill knights to serue
 the towne, with Speare in fiede:

Nor strange it femes, (a sudain Chop)
 to leape from whyp, to shielde.
 The chiefeſt man, in all our towne,
 that beares the greateſt ſwaye,
 Is *Coridon* no kynne to me,
 a Neteherd th[e]other daye.
 This *Coridon* come from the Carte,
 In honour chiefe doth fytte,
 And gouernes vs: becauſe he hath
 a Crabbed, Clowniſh wytte.
 Nowe ſe the Churlyſh Crueltye,
 that in hys harte remainys.
 The ſelye Sheape yat Shephards good,
 haue foſterd vp wyth Paynes,
 And browght awaye, from Styntyng dales
 on pleaſant Hylles to feade:
 O Cruell Clowniſh *Coridon*
 O curſed Carliſh Seade:
 The ſimple Shepe, conſtrayned he,
 theyr Paſture ſwete to leaue,
 And to theyr old corrupted Graſſe,
 enforceth them to cleaue.
 Such Shepe, as would not them obaye
 but in theyr Paſture byde,
 with (cruell flames,) they did conſume
 and vex on euery fyde.
 And with the ſhepe, ye Shephardes good,
 (O hate full Hounds of Hell,)
 They did torment, and dryue them out,
 in Places farre to dwell.
 There dyed *Daphnes* for his Shepe,
 the chiefeſt of them all.
 And fayre *Alexis* flamde in Fyre,
 who neuer peryſſhe ſhall.
 O Shephards wayle, for *Daphnes* deth,
Alexis hap lament,
 And curs the force of cruell hartes,
 that them to death haue ſent.

Egloga tertia.

I, synce I sawe fuche synfull fyghts,
 dyd neuer lyke the Towne,
 But thought it best to take my sheepe,
 and dwell vpon the downe.
 Wheras I lyue, a pleasaunt lyfe,
 and free from cruell handes,
 I wolde not leaue, the pleasaunt fyelde
 for all the Townysh Landes.
 For fyth that Pryde, is placed thus,
 and Vice fet vp so hye:
 And Crueltie doth rage so fore,
 and men lyue all awrye:
 Thynkste you? yat God, will long forbere,
 his scourge, and plague to sende?
 To fuche as hym do styll despyse,
 and neuer seke to mende?
 Let them be sure he wyll reuenge,
 when they thynke leaste vpon.
 But looke a stormy showre doth ryse,
 whiche wyll fall heare anone,
Menalcas best we nowe departe,
 my Cottage vs shall keepe,
 For there is rowme for the, and me,
 and eke for all our sheepe:
 Som Chestnuts haue I there in store
 with Cheese and pleasaunt whaye,
 God sends me Vittayles for my nede,
 and I synge Care awaye.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ tertiæ.*

Egloga quarta.

Melibæus.

Palemon.



God, that guyds ye golden *Globe*,
wher shynyng shapes do dwel
O thou yat throwest the thunder thumps
from Heauens hye, to Hell,
what wonders workes thy worthynes
what meruayles doste thou frame?
What secrete fyghts be Subiect sene
vnto thy holy name?
A fymple Shepharde slayne of late,
by foolyshe force of Loue,
That had not Grace such fancies fond
and Flames for to remoue,
Appeared late, before myne eies,
(Alas I feare to speake,)
Not as he here was wont to lyue,
whyle Gryefe hym none did breake.
But all in Blacke, he clothed came
an vgly fyght to se:
As they that for theyr due Desartes,
with Paynes tormented be,
My shepe for feare amased ran,
and fled from Hyll to Dale,
And I alone remayned there,
with countenaunce wan and pale.
O Lorde (quoth I) what meanes this thyng
is this *Alexis* spryght?
Or is it *Daphnes* soule that showes?
to me this dredfull fyght,
Or comes some Feend of Hell abroad?
with feare men to torment?
Megera this? or *Tisiphon*?
Or is *Alecto* sent?

what foeuer thou art, yat thou dost com?

Ghoost, Hagge, or Fende of Hell:

I the commaunde by hym that lyues,
thy name and case to tell.

With this, a stynkyng smoke I sawe,
from out his mouth to flye,

And with that same, his voyce did found,
None of them all am I.

But ons thy frende (*O Melibei*)

Dametas was my name,

Dametas I, that slewe my selfe,
by force of foolyshe flame.

Dametas I, that dotynge dyed,
In fyre of vnkynde Loue:

Dametas I, whom *Deiopey*
dyd cause fuche ende to proue,

The same *Dametas* here I com,
by lycens vnto the:

For to declare the wofull state,
that happens now to me.

(*O Melibei*) take hede of Loue,
of me Example take,

That slewe my selfe, and liue in Hell,
for *Deiopeias* sake.

I thought that Deth shuld me release
from paynes and dolefull woe,

But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,
I fynde it nothyng foe,

For looke what Payne and gryefe I felt
when I lyued heare afore:

With those I nowe tormented am,
and with ten thousand more.

I meane not that I burne in loue,
fuche foolyshe toyes begon,

But Gryefes in nombre haue I lyke
and manye more vpon.

O curfed Loue, (what shulde I faye,)
that brought me fyrste to Payne,

Well, myght I ones despyse thy lore,
 but nowe (alas) in vayne.
 With fond Affection, I dyd flame,
 whiche nowe I moſte repent,
 But all to late (alas) I wayle,
 fyth hope of Grace is ſpent.
 The fickle fadynge forme, and face,
 that ones ſo muche I ſowght,
 Hath made me loſe the Skyes aboue,
 and me to Hell hath browght.
 Why had I Reason delt to me?
 and coulde not Reason vſe.
 Why gaue I Brydle to my wyll?
 when I myght well reſuſe.
 A wycked Wyll, in dede it was,
 that blynded ſo my fyght,
 That made me on ſuch fadyng Duſte,
 to ſet my whole Delyght,
 A ſonde Affection lead me then,
 When I for God dyd place,
 A Creature, cauſe of all my Care,
 a fleſſhye fletyng face,
 A woman Waue of Wretchednes,
 a Paterne pylde of Pryde,
 A Mate of Myſchiefe and Diſtreſſe,
 for whom (a Foole) I dyed.
 Thus whyle he ſpake, I ſawe me thought
 of Hell an vglye Fende,
 With lothſome Clawes, hym for to cloſe
 and forced him there to ende.
 And with this ſame, (O *Melibey*,)
 farewell, farewell, (quoth he)
 Eſchewe the Blaſe of ſeruent flames,
 Example take of me.
 My Harte with this began to rent,
 and all amaſde I ſtoode.
 O lord (quoth I) what flames be theſe
 what Rage, what Furies woode?

Egloga quarta.

Doth Loue procure, to wretched men
 what Bondage doth it brynge?
 Paine here: and Payne in life to come.
 (O dolefull, dredefull thyng.)

[**Palemon**] I quake to heare, this Storye tolde,
 and *Melibei* I fainte,
 For sure I thought *Dametas* had,
 been placed lyke a Saynte.
 I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,
 had myste of hym her frayght.
 And through his deth, he mounted had
 to starres and Heauens strayght.
 Howe valiantly dyd he despyse,
 his lyfe in Bondage ledde?
 And sekyng Deth with courage hye,
 from Loue and Ladye fledde.
 And is he thus rewarded nowe?
 The ground be cursed than,
 That fosterde vp, so fayre a face
 that losse so good a Man.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quartæ*

Egloga quinta.

Mopsus.

Egon.



Egon.

Om doleful thing there is at hand
thy countenaunce doth declare,
Thy face good *Egon* voide of blud
thine eies amased stare :
I se thy teares, howe they do still,
disclose thy secrete mynde,
Hath Fortune frowned late on the?
Hath Cupide ben vnkinde.
A pyteous thinge to be bewalyde
a desperate Acte of Loue,
(O Destenies) fuche cruell broyles
How haue you power to moue?
Here lyued a Ladye fayre of late,
that *Claudia* men dyd call:
Of goodly forme, yea fuche a one,
as farre surmounted all.
The stately Dames, yat in this Courte,
to shewe them selues do lye,
There was not one in all the Crewe :
that could come *Claudia* nye.
A worthy Knyght dyd loue her longe,
and for her sake did feale,
The panges of Loue, that happen styl
by frownyng Fortunes wheale,
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,
whom so muche he dyd truste,
That all the secrets of his Hart,
to hym declare he muste.
And made hym all the onely meanes,
to sue for his redresse,
And to entreate for grace to her,
that caused his distresse.

She whan as fyrst she saw his page
 was strayght with hym in Loue,
 That nothyng could *Valerius* face,
 from *Claudias* mynde remoue.
 By hym was *Faustus* often harde,
 by hym his futes toke place,
 By hym he often dyd aspyre,
 to se his Ladyes face.
 This passed well, tyll at the length,
Valerius fore dyd sewe,
 With many teares besechyng her,
 his Maysters gryefe to rewe.
 And tolde her that yf she wolde not
 release, his Maysters payne,
 He neuer wolde attempte her more,
 nor se her ones agayne.
 She then with mased countnaunce there
 and teares yat gushing fell,
 Astonyed answerde thus, loe nowe,
 alas I se to well.
 Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
 by the *Valerius* heare,
 I neuer yet beleued before,
 nor tyll this tyme dyd feare,
 That thou dydste for thy Mayster sue
 but onely for my sake.
 And for my syght, I euer thought,
 thou dydste thy trauayle take.
 But nowe I se the contrarye,
 thou nothyng carste for me,
 Synce fyrst thou knewste, the fyerye flames
 that I haue felte by the.
 O Lorde howe yll, thou doste requyte
 that I for the haue done,
 I curse the time, that frendshyp fyrst,
 to showe, I haue begon.
 O lorde I the besече let me,
 in tyme reuenged be :

And let hym knowe that he hate fynd,
in this misufynge me,
I can not thynke, but Fortune once,
shall the rewarde for all,
And vengeaunce due for thy deserts,
in tyme shall on the fall.
And tell thy maister *Faustus* nowe,
yf he wolde haue me lyue :
That neuer more he sewe to me,
this aunswere laste I gyue :
And thou o Traytour vyle,
and enmye to my lyfe,
Absent thy selfe from out my syght,
procure not greater stryfe,
Synce yat these teares, had neuer force
to moue thy stoneye harte,
Let neuer these my weryed eyes,
se the no more. Depart.
This sayde, in haste she hieth in,
and there doth vengeaunce call,
And strake her self, with cruel knyfe,
and bluddye downe doth fall.
This dolfull chaunce, whan *Faustus* heard
lamentynge lowde he cryes,
And teares his heare and doth accuse,
the vniust and cruell Skies.
And in this ragynge moode awaye,
he stealeth oute alone,
And gone he is : no man knowes where
eche man doth for hym mone.
Valerius whan he doth perceyue,
his Mayster to be gone :
He weepes and wailes, in piteous plight
and forth he ronnes anone.
No Man knowes where, he is becom,
some saye the wooddes he tooke,

Egloga quinta.

Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
on no Man more to looke :
The Courte lamentes, the Princeffe eke
her felfe doth weepe for woe,
Loe, *Fauftus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.
Valerius vanyffhed too.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quintæ.*

Egloga sexta.

Felix.

Faustus.

Felix.



Faustus, whom aboue the rest,
of Shephardes here that kepe,
Vpon these holt, ye nombre great
of waightye fleeced shepe:
Ieuerhaue esteemde: and counted eke,
the chiefeſt Frende of all,
What great miſhap, what ſcourge of
minde
or grieve hath the befall?

That hath the brought in ſuch a plight
farre from thy wonted guyſe?
What meanes this countenance all beſprent
with teres? theſe wretched eies
This mournynge looke, this Veſture ſad
this wrethe of Wyllow tree,
(Vnhappy man) why doſte thou wepe
what chaunce hath altered the?
Tell tell, me ſoone, I am thy frende,
Diſcloſe to me thy gryefe,
Be not aſrayde, for friendes do ſerue,
to gyue theyr Friendes relyefe.

Faustus.

The wofull cauſe of all my hurte,
good *Felix* longe agoe,
Thou knewſt full well: I nede not now
by wordes to double woe,
Synce that (alas) all hope is paſt
ſynce gryefe, and I am one,
And ſynce the Ladye of my lyfe,
(my faute) I haue forgone,
What wouldeſt you haue me do (oh frend?)
to Ioye? in ſuch dyſtref?

Naye pleasures quyte I banish here,
 and yelde to Heuynes,
 Let gryefes torment me euermore,
 let neuer Cares awaye.
 Let neuer Fortune turne her wheale
 to gyue me blyssfull daye.
 Loue hath me scourged: I am content
 lament not thou my state,
 Let spyght on me take vengeance nowe
 let me be torne with hate.
 Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,
 a Flowre of golden hewe,
 That closeth when the Son doth set,
 and spreads with Phebus newe.
 Syth from my Garlande now is falne,
 this famousse Flowre swete:
 Let Wyllows wynde aboute my hed,
 (a Wrethe for Wretches mete)
 Fye *Faustus*, let not Fancie fonde,
 in the beare suche a swaye,
 Expell Affections from thy mynde,
 and dryue them quyght awaye.
 Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,
 let Bondage vyle be fled:
 Let Reason rule, thy crased Brayne,
 place Wyt, in Folies steade.
 Synce she is gone, what remedye?
 why shuldest thou so lament?
 Wilt thou destroy thy self with tears
 and she to pleasures bent?
 Gyue eare to me, and I wyll showe
 the remedies for Loue
 That I haue learned longe agoe:
 and in my youth dyd proue.
 Such remedies as soone shall quenche
 the flames of Cupids Fyre,
 Suche remedies as shall delaye,
 the Rage of fonde Desyre.

*A Marys
golde.*

Felix.

For *Fauslus* yf thou folow styll,
 the blynded God to please,
 And wylt not seke, by Reasons Rule,
 to purchase thyne owne ease,
 Long canst thou not thy frends enioy
 but byd them all farewell.
 And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy soule
 to depest fluds of Hell.
 Leaue of therfore, betymes and let
 Affection beare no swaye,
 And now at fyrst the Fyre quench
 before it further straye,
 Eche thyng is easely made to obaye,
 whyle it is yong and grene,
 The tender twyg, that now doth bend
 at length refuseth cleane.
 The seruent Fyre, that flamyng fyrst,
 may lytell water drenche,
 When as it hath obtayned tyme,
 whole Ryuers can not quenche:
 Forfake the Town, (my *Fauslus* deare)
 and dwell, vpon this playne,
 And tyme shall heale, thy festryng wound
 and Absence banysh Payne.
 Aboue all thynges fly Idlenes,
 For this doth dowble strenght,
 To Louers flams, and makes them rage,
 tyl all be lost at length,
 Here in thes felds, are pleasaunt things
 to occupye thy brayn,
 Be hold: how spryng reuyues agayn,
 that winter late had slayne,
 Behold: the plefaunt Hylles adournd,
 with dyuers colours fayre,
 Geue eare to *Scillas* lusty songes,
 reioysynge in the ayr,
 What pleasure canst thou more desyre,
 then here is for to se:

*Remind
 Agayne
 Love*

Thy lusty yewes, with many a lam,
Lo: whear they wayt on the,
Thynke not vpon that curfed face,
that makes the thus her flaue
But well regard the pleasaunt lyfe,
that here thou seest me haue,
Whan I long tyme a go, did seale,
the flames of *Cupids* fyre,
These meanes Lo thou I practised,
to cure my fond desyre.
I fyrst wayed with my selfe,
How fond a thyng it seamd,
To let my heart lye there in chaynes,
where I was nought esteamd.
And how with flames I burnt for her,
that passed nought for me,
And how, these eyes encreast my harmes
that fyrst her face did se,
With penyfe heart full fraight with thoughts,
I fled from thence away,
And though that Loue bad tourne my steppes,
yet wold I neuer flay,
But from that foule infectyue ayer,
wher first I tooke my fore,
I hyed in hast, and shund the place,
to se for euer more.
Eache letter that I had receyued
from her, I cast away,
And tokens all, I threw them down,
to my no small dyfmay.
Then busyed I my selfe in thyngs
that myght me mooste delyght,
And fought the chieffst means I could,
to helpe my weryed spryght.
Somtyme I wold behold the fyelds,
and Hylles that thou doste se,
Somtime I wold betraye the Byrds,
that lyght on lymed tree,
Especially in Shepstare tyme,
when thicke in flockes they flye,

One wold I take, and to her Leg,
 a lymed Lyne wold tye,
 And where ye flock flew thickest, there
 I wold her cast awaye,
 She strayght vnto the rest wold hye,
 amongst her Mates to playe.
 And preasyng in the mydste of them,
 with Lyne and Lyme, and all,
 With cleuyng wyngs, entangled fast.
 they downe together fall.
 Somtyme I wold the lytel Fysh:
 with bayted Hooke beguyle:
 Somtyme the craftye Foxe I wold,
 deceyue for all his wyle:
 Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold pursue,
 somtyme the fomyng Boore:
 And whan with labour all the daye,
 my weryed Lymys were soore.
 Than rest and slepe I straightway fought
 no Dreames dyd me afraie:
 Tormented nought with care, I past
 the lymgryng nyght awaye.
 And thus I cleane forgot: in tyme,
 the dotyng Dayes I sawe,
 And freed my self, to my great Ioye,
 from Yoke of Louers Lawe.
 More of this fame, I wyll the tell,
 the next tyme here we mete,
 And stronger Medycines wyll I gyue,
 to purge that Venym swete.
 Beholde the Daye is flypt awaye,
 and Starres do fast appeare,
 Loe where *Calisto* Virgin ones,
 doth shyne in Skies so cleare.
 Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,
 with twynyng Serpent bye,
 We wyll no lenger heare abyde,
 But hence wyll homwarde hye.

Egloga septima.

Silvanus.

Sirenus.

Seluagia



Irenus shephard good and thou,
that hast yll lucke in loue,
The cause of al my hurt by whom
my futes could neuer proue.
God neuer let that I shuld seeke,
to be reuenged of the,
For whan I might haue ben with ease,
yet wold not suffer me
The Loue that I, *Diana* bare,
on the to showe my Spyte :
On the in whom my Ladye sayre,
had once her whole delygth,
If thy myshaps do not me greue,
My mischieefs neuer ende.
Thynke not *sirenus* that bycause,
Diana was thy frend,
I beare the worfer wyl assure thy self
so base my loue neuer semde
That onely I shuld fauour her.
but all that she esteemde.

Siren.

Thou eyther art *silvanus* borne,
Example for to gyue,
To vs that know not how,
whan Fortune frownes to lyue,
Or els hath Nature placed in the
so strong and stoute a mynde.
Suffysynge not, thyne yls alone
to beare, but meanes to fynde,

In Mr. Huth's copy—though the signatures are regular—the first *two* pages of the final original impression down to, *she kyld a faythfull frende*, on the next page are omitted: being represented by a blank page. They have been supplied by the kindness of W. A. Wright, Esq., M.A., from the copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

That may the Griefes of others help,
 I fe thou art so bent,
 That Fortune can the not amase,
 For all her mysciefes ment,
 I promys the *siluanus* heare,
 tyme playne in the doth show,
 How dayly she discouers things,
 that erst dyd men not know.
 I can not beare the Gryefes I feale,
 my force is all to faynt,
 I neuer could as thou canst stynt,
 the teares of my complaynt.
Diana hath procured the paynes,
 that I shall neuer ende,
 When fyrst she falst her troth to me,
 she kyld a faythfull frende.

Siluan. I meruayle how she could so soone,
 put the out of her mind,
 I well remembre synce thou wentste
 alone I dyd her fynd.
 In place that sorow semde to shape,
 where no man stood her nye,
 But onely (I vnhappy wretche,)
 that herd her wofull crye,
 And this with teares alowde she sayd,
 O wretche in yll tyme borne.
 What chaunce hast thou? that thus thou hast
Sirenius fwete forlorne.
 Gyue ouer pleasures now,
 Let neuer Ioye the please,
 Seke all the cruell meanes thou canst
 that may thy hart dysease.
 Whan thou doste hym forget I wysh,
 all mischifes on the lyght,
 And after death, the Fendes of Hell,
 torment thy lyuyng spryght.
Siren, What man wold here beleue?
 that she that thus could speake,

In so shorte tyme as I haue bene
 awaye, wolde promys breake.
 O stedfastnes and Constancy,
 how seldome are you founde:
 In womens harts to haue your seats,
 Or long abydyng ground?
 Who looke how much more earnest they,
 at fyrst theyr hearts do set,
 So much more sooner euer more,
 where late they loued, forget:
 Full well could euer I beleue,
 all women gylty of this:
 Saue her alone, in whom I iudge,
 neuer nature wrought amis:
 But sins her maryage how she speeds
Siluan I pray the tell?

Siluan. Some say she lykes it very ill,
 and I beleue it well:
 For *Delius* he that hath her now,
 although he welthy be,
 Is but a lout and hath in hym,
 no hanfome qualytie:
 For as for all, fuche thynges wherin,
 we Shepehardes haue delyght,
 As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or
 to found a Bagpype ryght:
 In all these thinges he is but an Affe,
 and nothyng do he can,
 They saye tys quallities but tush,
 Its ryches makes a man:

Siren. What woman is that yat commeth here,
Siluan canst thou tell?

Siluan. Its one hath sped as well in Loue,
 as we, I knowe her well:
 She is one of fayre *Dianas* frendes,
 who keeps her beasts below,
 Not far from hence bi her thou maist
Dianas State wel know.

She loued hear a Shepheard cald,

Alanius longe a go :

Who fauers one *yfmenia* now,
the cause of al her wo :

Silnag. No place so fyt for the as this,
Lo heare *Siluanus* stands,
Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine
at cruel Fortunes hands,
This company befemes the well,
Fayr Shepheards both good deane,

Siluan. To the *Seluagia* eke of Hope,
Whom Loue hath spoyled cleane :
A thousande better dayes I wysh,
than thou hast had before,

Selnag. At length may better Fortune fall,
For worfe can not be more.
To truste the fayned words of men,
Loe, thus poore women speeds.

Siluan. And men do smarte not through your words
but your vnconstant deeds.

For you when earnestlyest you loue,
no thyng can chaunce so lyght.

But yf a toye com in your Brayne,
your mynde is altered quyght.

If we but ones, absent our selues,
the shortest tyme we maye,

So muche vnconstant is your minde

Loue foreth strayght awaye,

Example take *Sirenius* here

whom once *Diana* lovd,

As all we know, and looke how soone
her mynd is now removd :

No, no, there is not one of you,
that constant can remayne :

Silnag. You iudge but of malicious hart,
and of a Ialouse brayne.

All thyngs you do your selues esteeme,
and men must beare no blame.

Of your difsembling noughty deeds,
we women beare the shame.

Siren. Fayre Damefell yf you can perceyue
Siluanus true doth faye

There is not one amongft you all,
but doth from reason ftraye.

What is the caufe that women thus?
in theyr vnconftancye,

Do caft a man from hyeft hap,
to deepeft myferye?

Its nothyng els, I you affure,
but that you know not well,

What thing is loue, and what you haue,
in hand you can not tell.

Your fymple wyts are all to weake,
Vnfayned loue to know,

And therof doth forgetfulnes,
in you fo fhortly grow.

Seluag. *Sirenius* iudge not fo of vs,
our wyts be not fo bafe,

But that we know as well as you,
whats what in euery cafe.

And women eke, there are ynow
that could yf they were brought

Teache men to lyue, and more to loue,
yf loue myght well be taught,

And for all this, yet do I thynke,
No thyng can worfer be.

Than womens fteate, it is the worft,
I thynke of eche degree.

For yf they fhew but gentle words
you thynke for loue they dye.

And yf they fpeake not when you lift,
than ftrayght you fay, they are hye.

And that they ar, difdainfull Dames.
and if they chaunce to talke.

Than cownt you them for chatring Pies
whofe tongs muft alwayes walke.

And yf perhaps they do forbear,
and Sylence chaunce to keepe,
Than tush, she is not for company,
she is but a symple sheepe.
And yf they beare good wyll to one,
then strayght they are iudged nought.
And yf yll name to shun they leaue,
Vnconstant they are thought.
Who nowe can please these Ialouse heads,
the faute is all in you,
For women neuer wold chaunge their minds
yf men wold styll be true.
Siren. To this, I well could answere you,
but tyme doth byd me staye,
And women must the last worde haue
no man may say them naye.
Passe ouer this, and let vs here,
what lucke you haue had in loue,
And shoue yf euer loue of man,
your constaunt hart could moue.
No fyttter place can be than this,
here maye you safely rest,
Thus fyttting here, declare at large,
the secretes of your brest.
Silvag. Naye: lenger here we maye not byde,
but home we mvst awaye,
Loe how the Son denies his Beames
depriuynge vs of daye.

Finis Eglogæ septimæ.

Egloga octaua.

Coridon.

Cornix.



Ow ragethe *Titan* fyerce aboue
his Beames on earth do beate.
Whose hote reflection maks vs feale
an ouer feruent heate:
Wyth fyery Dog, he forward flames
hote Agues vp he dryues:
And sends them downe, with boylyng blud
to shorten Myfers lyues.
Loe, how the beasts, lyes vnder trees
how all thyng seekes the shade,
O blessed God, that some defence,
for euery hurte hast made,
Beholde this pleasaunte Brodeleaued Beech
and springing fountain cleare,
Heare shade ynough, here water cold
com *Cornix* rest we here,
And let vs songs begyn to syng,
our purs and harts be lyght.
We fere not we, the tomblyng world
we breake no sleaps by nyght.

Cornix.

Both place and tyme my *Coridon*
exhorteth me to syng,
Not of the wretched Louers lyues,
but of the immortall kynge.
Who gyues vs pasture for our beasts
and bleffeth our encrease:
By whom, while other cark and toyle
we lyue at home with ease.
Who keepes vs down, from climyng hye
wher honour breeds debate,

And here hath graunted vs to lyue
in fymple Shephards flate,
A lyfe that fure doth fare exceade,
eche other kynd of lyfe :
O happy flate, that doth content,
How farre be we from ftryfe ?
Of hym therfore, me lyst to fynge,
and of no wanton toyes,
For hym to loue, and hym to prayfe,
furmounts all other Ioyes.
O Shephards leaue *Cupidoes* Camp,
the ende wherof is vyle,
Remoue Dame *Venus* from your eies
and harken here a whyle.
A God there is, that guyds the Globe,
and framde the fyckle Spheare,
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,
that we do gafe on here,
By whom we lyue, (vnthankful beafts)
by whom we haue our health,
By whom we gayne our happy flates
by whom we get our wealth.
A God : that fends vs that we nede,
a God : that vs defends.
A God : from whom the Angels hye,
on mortall men attends.
A God : of fuche a Clemencie,
that who fo hym doth loue
Shall here be fure to refte a whyle,
and alwayes refte aboue.
But we, for hym do lytell care,
His Heafts we nought efteeme,
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate
moft pleafaunt thofe do feme,
(Vnthankfull myfers) what do we ?
what meane we thus to ftraye ?
From fuche a God, fo mercyfull,
to walke a worfer waye ?

Maye nought his benefyts procure?
 maye nought his mercyes moue?
 Maye nothyng bynde, but nedes we must?
 gyue hate to hym for loue?
 O happy (ten tymes) is the man,
 (a Byrde full rare to fynde)
 That loueth God with all his hart,
 and kepes his lawes in mynde.
 He shalbe blest in all his works,
 and safe in euery tyme,
 He shall swete quietnes enioye,
 whyle other smarte for Cryme.
 The threatnyng chaunces of the world
 shall neuer hym annoye.
 When Fortune frowns on foolish men
 he shalbe sure to ioie.
 For why? the Aungels of the Lorde,
 shall hym defende alwayes,
 And set hym free, at euery harmes,
 and hurts at all affayes.
 Euen he that kept the Prophet safe,
 from mouthes of Lyons wylde,
 And he that once preferued in Flags,
 the fely suckyng Chylde,
 The God that fed, by Rauens Byll,
 the Teacher of his worde,
 Shall hym (no doubt) in safetie keepe,
 from Famyn, Fyre, aud Sworde.
 Not he, whom Poets old haue faynd,
 to lyue in Heauen hye,
 Embracyng Boyes : (O fylthy thyng)
 in beastly Lecherye.
 Nor *Iuno* she : (that wrinkled Iade,)
 that Quene of Skyes is calde,
 Nor soleyne *Saturn* Churlysh Chuffe,
 with Scalpe of Cancre bald.
 Nor fummyng Foole, with fyery face,
 that moues the fyghters mynd.

David.
 [? *Daniel.*]

Moses.

Elias.

Iupiter.

Iuno.

Saturn.

Mars.

*Venus**Cupid.**Homerus.*

Nor Venus she : (that wanton wench)
 that guyds the Shoter blynd.
 Can the defende : as God wyll do,
 for they were synfull fooles,
 Whom fyrst ye blynd hye witted Greke
 brought in to wyfe mens Scooles.
 No none of these, but God alone,
 ought worshyp for to haue,
 For they for all theyr Honour ones,
 rest yet in stynkyng Graue.
 Heare hast thou heard, the happy state
 of them that lyue in feare,
 Of God : and loue hym best : now lyst,
 his foes reward to heare,
 And fyrst know thou that euery man,
 that from this God doe goe,
 And folows lust, hym he acountes,
 to be his deadly foe,
 This myghty Kyng of whom we talk,
 as he is mercyfull,
 And suffers long, reuengyng slow,
 So when we be thus dull,
 That we wyl not perceauie in tyme,
 the goodnes of his grace,
 His fauour straight, he doth withdraw
 and tournes a way his face.
 And to him selfe then doth he say,
 How long shall I permit
 These stubburne beastes, for to rebell ?
 and shall I loue them yet,
 That hate me thus ? or haue I nede
 theyr louynge mynds to craue ?
 I aske no more but onely loue,
 and that I can not haue.
 Well, wel I wil not care for them,
 that thus do me dyspyse,
 Let them go lyue, euen as they lyst,
 I turne away myne eyes.

When God hath thus sayd to him self
 Then doth the braynlesse foole,
 Cast Brydle of, and out he runnes,
 neglectynge vertues Scoole,
 Then doth the Deuyl geue him lyne,
 and let him rune at large,
 And Pleasure makes his Mariner,
 to row in vyces Barge,
 Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes.
 he hoyfes hie in hast,
 And fond Affection blowes hym forth,
 a wynd that *Pluto* plast,
 Then cuttes he swyft, the seas of sin,
 and through the Chanell deape,
 With Ioyful mynd, he fleets a pace,
 whom Pleasure bryngs a fleape,
 Then who so happy thinks hym selfe?
 who dreames of ioy but he?
 Tush, tush, sayeth he: to thynk of God,
 In age suffiseth me.
 Now wil I passe my pleasaunt youth,
 Such toyes becomes this age,
 And God shall followe me sayth he,
 I wyll not be his page,
 I wyll be prowde, and looke a lofe,
 I wyll my bodye decke,
 With costly clothes, a boue my state
 who then dare gyue me checke?
Coridon. Garments som time, so gard a knaue,
 that he dare mate a Knyght,
 Yet haue I sene a *Nec* in hemp,
 For Checking often lyght.
Cornix. The Peacocks plume shal not me pas
 that nature finely framde
 For coulourd fylkes shal set me fourth,
 that nature shalbe shamde,
 My Sworde shal get me valiant fame,
 I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,

And *Mars* you know, must *Venus* haue,
to recreate his spryght.
I wyll oppresse the fymple knaue,
shall Slaues be sawfy now?
Nay: I wyll teache the nedy Dogges,
with Cappe to crowche, and bow.
Thus fareth he, and thus he lyues,
No whyt estymyng God,
In health, in ioy, and lustynes,
free from the smartyng Rod,
But in the midst of all his myrth,
whyle he suspecteth least,
His happy chaunce, begyns to chaunge
and eke his fleetyng feast,
For death (that old deuouryng Wolf)
whom goodmen nothyng feare,
Coms saylyng fast, in Galley blacke,
and whan he spyes hym neare,
Doth boorde hym strayght, and grapels fast
And than begyns the fyght,
In ryot leapes, as Captayne chiefe,
and from the Maynmaist ryght,
He downward coms, and surfet than
assayleth by and by,
Then vyle deseases forward shoues,
with paynes and gryefe therby,
Lyfe stands aloft, and fyghteth hard,
but pleasure all agaste.
Doth leaue his ore, and out he flyes,
then death approacheth fast.
And giues the charge so fore, yat needs
must lyfe begyn to flye,
Then farewell all. The wretched man
with Caryen Corse doth lye,
Whom Deth hymself flyngs ouer bord,
amyd the Seas of syn,
The place wher late, he swetly swam,
now lyes he drowned in.

Contynuall torment hym awaytes,
 (a Monster vyle to tell)
 That was begot of Due Desert,
 and raygneth now in Hell,
 With gredy mouth he alwayes feeds
 vpon the Syndrownd foule,
 Whose gredy Pawes, do neuer ceas,
 in synfull fluds to prowle.
 Loe. This the ende, of euery fuche
 as here lyues lustylye
 Neglectyng God thou seeest, in vyce.
 do lyue. in syn do dye.
 What shuld I speke of al theyr harms
 that happens them in lyfe ?
 Theyr Conscience prickt, theyr barren blud
 theyr toyle, their grief, theyr stryfe,
 With mischiefes heaped many a one,
 which they do neuer trye.
 That Loue and Feare the myghty God,
 that rules and raynes on hye,
 To long it weare, to make discourse,
 and *Phebus* downe descends,
 And in the Clowdes his beams doth hyde
 which tempest sure portends,
 Looke how the beastes begin to fling,
 and cast theys heades on hye,
 The Hearonshew mountes aboue the clouds
 ye Crowes ech wher do cry
 All this shoves rayn, tyme byds vs go
 com *Coridon* awaye,
 Take vp thy Staffe, fetch in thy beasts
 let vs go whyle we maye.
Coridon. *Cornix* agreed, go thou before,
 yon cursed Bull of myne
 I must go dryue: he neuer bydes,
 among my Fathers Kyne.

Finis Eglogæ octauæ.

EPYTAPHES.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Lorde Sheffeldes death.*



Hen Brutysh broyle, and rage of war
in Clownysh harts began
When Tigres stoute, in Tanners bonde
vnmusled all they ran,
The Noble Sheffeyld Lord by byrth
and of a courage good,
By clubbish hands, of crabbed Clowns
there spent his Noble blud.
His noble byrth auayled not,
his honor all was vayne,
Amyd the prease, of Mastye Curses,
the valyant Lorde was slayne.
And after suche a forte (O ruth,)
that who can teares suppressse.
To thynke yat Dunghyll Dogs shuld dawnt
the Floure of worthynes.
Whyle as the rauenyng Wolues he prayed
his gylteles lyfe to saue.
A bluddy Butcher byg and blunt,
a vyle vnweldy knaue
With beastly blow of boysterous byll
at hym (O Lorde) let dryue,
And clesste his head, and sayd therwith
shalt thou be leste alyue?
O Lorde that I had present ben,
and Hectors force withall,
Before that from his Carlysh hands,
the cruell Byll dyd fall.
Then shulde that peasaunt vyle haue felt
the clap vpon his Crowne,
Then shuld haue dazed his dogged hart
from dryuyng Lordes adowne.

Then shuld my hands haue saued th y lyfe
 good Lord whom deare I loued
 Then shuld my hart in doutfull case,
 full well to the ben proued,
 But all in vayne thy death I wayle,
 thy Corps in earth doth lye.
 Thy kyng and Countrey for to serue
 thou dydste not feare to dye.
 Farewel good Lord, thy deth bewayle
 all suche as well the knewe,
 And euerye man laments thy case:
 and *Googe* thy death doth rewe.

¶ *An Epytaphe of M. Shelley
 slayne at Musselbroughe.*

Van Mars had moued mortall hate
 and forced fummysh heate
 And hye *Bellona* had decreed,
 to fyt with Sworde in Seate,
 The Sccttes vntrue with fyghtynge hande,
 theyr promys to denye,
 Affsembled fast, and England thought,
 the trothe with them to trye.
 Chose *Musclebroughe* theyr fyghtynge place
 amynd those barrayne fyelds
 Theyr breche of fayth, there not to try
 with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes
 In battayle braue, and Armye strong
 Encamped sure they laye,
 Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng
 a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)
 That Englysh men were all agaste,
 with quakyng staues in hande.
 To se theyr enemyes lye so neare,
 and death with them to stande.

No other remedye there was,
but fyght it out or flye.
And who shuld fyrst the Onset gyue,
was sure therin to dye.
Thus al dismayde, and wrapt in feare
with doutfull mynde they stande,
If best it be, with flyght of foote,
to stryue or fyght of hande.
Tyll at the length, a Captayn stoute.
with hawtye mynde gan speake.
O Cowards all, and maydly men
of Courage faynt and weake,
Vnworthye com of Brutus race,
to this your manhode gon,
And is there none you Daftardes all,
that dare them set vpon.
Then Shelly all inflamed with heate
with heate of valyaunt mynde,
No Cowardes we, nor maydly men,
ne yet of Daftards kynde,
I wold you wyfte dyd euer com,
but dare be bolde to trye,
Our manhode heare, thoughe nought appeare
but deth to all mens eye
And with these wordes (O noble hart)
no longer there he stayde,
But forth before them all he sprang
as one no whyt dismayed
With charged staffe on fomyng horse
his Spurres with heeles he strykes,
And forewarde ronnes with swiftye race,
among the mortall Pykes
And in this race with famous ende,
to do his Countrey good,
Gae Onset fyrst vpon his Foes,
and lost his vitall blud.

❧ *An Epytaphe of Maister*
Thomas Phayre.

He hawtye verse, yat *Maro* wrote
 made Rome to wonder muche
 And meruayle none for why the Style
 and waightynes was suche,
 That all men iudged *Parnassus* Mownt
 had clesste her selfe in twayne.
 And brought forth one, that seemd to drop
 from out *Mineruaes* brayne.
 But wonder more, maye Bryttayne great
 wher *Phayre* dyd florysh late,
 And barreyne tong with swete accord
 reduced to suche estate :
 That *Virgils* verse hath greater grace
 in forrayne foote obtaynde,
 Than in his own, who whilst he lyued
 eche other Poets staynde.
 The Noble H. *Hawarde* once,
 that raught eternall fame,
 With mighty Style, did bryng a pece
 Of *Virgils* worke in frame,
 And *Grimapld* gaue the lyke attempt,
 and *Douglas* wan the Ball,
 whose famouse wyt in Scottyshe ryme
 had made an ende of all.
 But all these fame did *Phayre* excell,
 I dare presume to wryte,
 As muche as doth *Appolloes* Beames.
 the dymmeſt Starre in lyght.
 The enuyous fates (O pytie great,
 had great disdayne to se,
 That vs amongst there shuld remayn
 so fyne a wyt as he,

And in the mydst of all his toyle,
dyd force hym hence to wende,
And leaue a Worke vnperfyd so,
that neuer man shall ende.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Death
of Nicolas Grimaold.*

BEholde this fle=tyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng
doth passe and weare awaye,
Eche state of lyfe,
by comon course and trade,
Abydes no tyme,
but hath a passyng daye.
For looke as lyfe,
that pleasaunt Dame hath brought,
The pleasaunt yeares,
and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our Foe,
consumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng these,
with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that whiche is,
the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype,
doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes,
he makes them down to fall,
Ne slayes he at,
the hie sharpe wytted sect.
For if that wytt,
or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
coude moue hym to forbear,

O *Grimaold* then,
 thou hadste not yet gon hence
 But heare hadeſt ſene,
 full many an aged yeare.
 Ne had the Muſes
 loſte ſo fyne a Floure,
 Nor had *Minerva*
 wept to leaue the ſo,
 If wyſdome myght
 haue fled the fatall howre,
 Thou hadste not yet
 ben ſuffred for to go,
 A thouſande doltyſh
 Geefe we myght haue ſparde,
 A thouſande wytles
 heads, death might haue found
 And taken them,
 for whom no man had carde,
 And layde them lowe,
 in deepe obliuious grounde,
 But Fortune fauours
 ours Fooles as old men ſaye
 And lets them lyue,
 and take the wyſe awaye.

¶ *Finis.*

SONETTES.

¶ *To Mayster Alexander Nowell.*

 He Muses ioye,
and well they may to fe,
So well theyr laboure com to good successe,
That they fustayned long agoe in the,
Minerua smyles,
Phebus can do no lesse,
But ouer all,
they chyefly do reioyse,

That leauyng thyngs,
which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dyddeft chuse,
(O good and happy choyse)
In sacred Scoles,
thy luckye yeares to trayne,
By whiche thou hast
obtaynde (O happy thyng)
To learne to lyue,
whyle other wander wyde,
And by thy lyfe,
to please the immortall kyng,
Then whiche so good,
nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyues the gayne,
and Phyfycke fylls the Purse,
Promotions hye,
gyues Artes to many one,
But this is it,
by whiche we scape the Curse,

And haue the blys
 of God, when we be gone.
 Is this but one=
 ly Scriptures for to reade?
 No, no. Not talke,
 but lyfe gyues this in deade.

¶ *To Doctor Bale.*

G Ood aged *Bale*:
 that with thy hoary heares
 Dofte yet perfyfte,
 to turne the paynefull Booke,
 O happye man,
 that haft obtaynde fuche yeares,
 And leavft not yet,
 on Papers pale to looke,
 Gyue ouer now
 to beate thy weryed brayne,
 And reft thy Pen
 that long hath laboured foore
 For aged men
 vnfyf fure is fuche paine,
 And the befeems
 to laboure now no more,
 But thou I thynke
 Don Platoes part will playe
 With Booke in hand,
 to haue thy dyeng daye.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ To M. Edwarde Cobham.

Old *Socrates*,
whose wysdome dyd excell,
And past the reache,
of wyfest in his tyme,
Surmounted all,
that on the earth dyd dwell,
That Craggye Hyls,
of vertue hye dyd clyme,
That *Socrates*,
my *Cobham* dyde allowe,
Eche man in youth,
hym selfe in Glasse to vew,
And wyld them oft,
to vse the same, but how?
Not to delyght,
in forme of fadyng hew.
Nor to be proude
therof, as many be,
But for to stryue,
by beautie of the mynde,
For to adourne,
the beautie he doth se.
If warlyke forme,
Dame Nature hym assygnde,
By vertuous lyfe,
than countenaunce for to get,
That shall deface,
the fayrest of them all,
Suche Beautie as
no age nor yeares wyll fret:
That flies with fame,
whan fyckle forme doth fayle,
Thus muche I saye,
that here to the present,

My wordes a Glasſe
for the to looke vpon.
To the whom God,
in tender yeares hath lent,
A towardenes,
that maye be muſed vpon,
Suche towardenes,
as in more grauer yeares,
Doth ſure a hope,
of greater thyngs pretende,
Thy noble mynde,
that to thy frendes appeare,
Doth ſhowe the blud,
wherof thou doſte deſcende,
The gentlenes,
thou vſeſt vnto all ſuche,
As ſmallye haue
deſerued good wyll of the,
Doth ſhowe the grace,
thou haſt that ſure is muche,
As euer yet,
in any I dyd ſe,
That wyt as ripe,
as Nature well can gyue,
Declares a grea-
ter hope than all the reſt,
That ſhall remayne,
to the whiſt thou doſte lyue,
In deſperate yls,
a Medycyne euer preſt.
Thy good behauyour,
of thy ſelfe in place
Wherſoeuer that
thou chaunceſt for to lyght,
So much both beautie,
mynde and wyt doth grace
As well can be
requyred of any wyght.

What resteth now?
 but onely God to prayse,
 Of whom thou hast
 receaued these Gyftes of thyne,
 So shalt thou long,
 lyue heare with happye dayes,
 And after Death,
 the starrye Skyes shall clyme,
 Let noughtye men,
 saye what they lyst to the,
 Trade thou thy selfe,
 in seruynge hym aboue,
 No sweter seru-
 uyce can deuysed be,
 Whom yf thou fearest,
 and faythfully doste loue,
 Be sure no thyng,
 on earth shall the annoye,
 Be sure he wyll,
 the from eche harme defende,
 Be sure thou shalt,
 long tyme thy lyfe enioye,
 And after man-
 ny yeares to haue a blessed ende.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *Of Edwardes of the Chappell.*

D Euyne *Camenes*
 that with your sacred food,
 Haue fed and fo-
 sterde vp from tender yeares,
 A happye man,
 that in your fauour stode
Edwards in Courte
 that can not fynde his feares

Your names be blest,
 that in this present age
 So fyne a head,
 by Arte haue framed out
 Whom some hereaf-
 ter helpt by Poets rage,
 Perchaunce maye matche,
 but none shall passe (no doubt)
 O *Plautus* yf
 thou wert alyue agayne,
 That Comedies
 so fynely dydste endyte.
 Or *Terence* thou
 that with thy plesaunt brayne,
 The hearers mynde
 on stage dydst much delyght.
 What wold you say
 fyrs if you should beholde,
 As I haue done
 the doyngs of this man?
 No word at all
 to sweare I durst be bolde,
 But burne with teares,
 that which with myrth began,
 I meane your bookes,
 by which you gate your name,
 To be forgot,
 you wolde commit to flame.
 Alas I wolde
Edwards more tell thy prayse,
 But at thy name
 my muse amased stayer.

To L. Blundeston.

Some men be coun-
 styd wyfe that well can talke :
 And some because

they can eche man begyle.
 Some forbecause
 they know well chese from chalke,
 And can be sure,
 weepe who so lyst to smyle.
 But (Blundston) hym
 I call the wyfest wyght,
 Whom God gyues grace
 to rule affections ryght.

*The Aunswere of L. Blundeston
 to the same.*

Affections seekes
 hygh honours frayle estate,
 Affections doth
 the golden meane reprove.
 Affections tours
 the frendly hart to hate,
 Affections breedes
 without discretion Loue,
 Both wyse and
 happye (*Googe*) he maye be hyght,
 Whom God gyues grace,
 to rule affections ryght.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

THe lytell Fysh,
 that in the streame doth fleet
 With brode forth stret-
 ched Fyns for his disporte
 When as he spyes,
 the Fysshes bayte so swete,
 In haste he hyes,
 fearynge to com to shorte,

But all to foone
 (alas) his gredy mynde,
 By rash attempt,
 doth bryng hym to his bane,
 for where he thought
 a great relyefe to fynde,
 By hydden hooke,
 the symple fole is tane.
 So fareth man,
 that wanders here and theare,
 Thynkyng no hurt
 to happen hym therbye,
 He ronnes amayne,
 to gase on Beauties cheare,
 Takes all for golde
 that glysters in the eye,
 And neuer leaues
 to feade by lookyng long,
 On Beauties Bayte,
 where Bondage lyes enwrapt,
 Bondage that makes
 hym to syng an other song,
 And makes hym curse
 the bayte that hym entrapte.
Neuell to the,
 that louest their wanton lookes,
 Feade on the bayte,
 but yet beware the Hookes.

Alexander Neuells Answer to the same.

IT is not curfed *Cupids* Dart :
 Nor *Venus* cancred Spyght,
 It is not vengeance of the Gods
 That wretched harts doth smyght,
 With restlesse rage of carefull Loue.
 No, No, thy Force alone

Affection fond, doth styr these flames.

Thou caushest vs to mone

And waile, and curs our wretched flats.

Our thryfe vnhappy plights,

Our fighes, and powdred sobes with tears,

Our greuous gronyng Sprights,

Thy hateful Malice doth procure :

O Fancye flamyng Feend

Of Hel. For thou in outwarde shape,

And colour of a frende

Dost by thy Snares and flymed Hooks

entrap the wounded Harts :

From whence these Helllike torments spryng,

and euer greauyng Smarts.

Whence Gripe of minde, with chaunged chere

Whence face besmeard with teares.

Whence thousand mischiefs more, wherwith

fuche Myfers liues outweares.

Our gasyng eyes on Bewties bayt

do worke our endles bane.

Our eyes I say doo worke our woo,

Our eyes procure our paine.

These are the Traps to vexed myndes

Here Gyns and Snares do lye.

Here fyre and flames by Fancie framde,

In brest doo broyle and frye.

O *Googe* the Bayte sone spyed is.

Soone vewd their wanton lookes.

Wheron to feede, and yet to shun,

The priuy lurkyng hookes,

Their pain, Their toile, Their labour is

There There lyes endles strife.

O happy than that Man account,

Whose well directed Lyfe

Can fly those yls, which fancy stirs,

And lyue from Bondage free.

A *Phænix* ryght on yearth (no doubt)

A Byrde full rare to see.

¶ *To M. Henrye Cobham, of the
most blessed state of Lyfe.*

THe happyest lyfe
that here we haue,
My *Cobham* yf
I shall desyre,
The goodlyest state,
twyxe byrth and graue,
Most gracious
dayes and swetest tyme,
The fayrest face,
of fadynge Lyfe,
Race ryghtlyest ronne
in ruthfull wayes,
The safest means
to shun all stryfe:
The surest Staffe,
in fyckle Dayes:
I take not I
as some do take,
To gape and gawne,
for Honours hye,
But Court and
Cayser to forsake,
And lyue at home,
full quyetye,
Remembreth thou?
what he once sayde,
Who bad, Courte not
in any case,
For Vertue is,
in Courtes decayed,
And Vyce with States,
hath chyefest place,

Not Courte but Countreye
I do iudge,
Is it wheare lyes,
the happyest lyfe,
In Countreye growes,
no gratynge grudge,
In Countreye standes
not sturdye stryfe,
In Countreye,
Bacchus hath no place,
In Countreye
Venus hath defecte,
In Countreye
Thraso hath no grace,
In Countreye
fewe of *Gnatoes* Secte.
But these iame foure
and many more,
In Courte,
thou shalt be sure to fynde,
For they haue vowed,
not thence to goe,
Bycause in Courte,
dwels ydle mynde.
In Countreye
mayste thou safelye rest,
And flye all these,
yf that thou lyste,
The Countrey therfore,
iudge I best,
Where godly lyfe,
doth vyce resyste,
Where vertuous
exercyse with ioye,
Doth spende the yeares
that are to run,
Where Vycs fewe,
maye the annoye,
This lyfe is best
whan all is done.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell of the
blessed State of him that
feeles not the force of
Cupids flames.*

As ofte as I
remembre with my self,
The Fancies fonde,
that flame by foolyshe Loue,
And marke the Furies
fell, the blynded else
And Venus she
that raynes so fore aboue,
As ofte as I
do se the wofull state,
Of Louers all,
and eake their myserye,
The ones desy=
ryng mynde the others hate,
Trothe with the one,
with the other Trecherye,
So ofte say I,
that blessed in the wyght,
Yea *Neuell* blest,
and double blest agayne,
That can by rea=
son rule hys mynde a ryght,
And take suche foo=
lysh fadynge toyes for vayne.

¶ *Alexander Neuells Awnswere
to the same.*

He plunged mind in fluds of griefs
The Sences drowned quyght,
The Hart opprest. The flesh consumed
The chaunged state outright.

The Body dried by broylyng blase,
 Of preuy schorchyng Flame.
 The doulfull Face. The countnaunce sad
 The drowping Courage tame.
 The Scaldyng fyghes. The greeuous groones
 The burning rage of fyre
 The ernest fute. The fruitles Toyle.
 The deepe and hot Defyre,
 The Braynes quight brufd and crusht with Cares.
 The euer duryng soore.
 The very paynes of Hell it self,
 with thousande mischyefes moore,
 Which wounded Harts enflamed with Loue
 with Gryefe do ouerflow,
 And works theyr endles plage and spight
 Tyll Death from thence do growe.
 All these conclude him blest (my *Googe*)
 And tribble blest agayne,
 That taught bi tract of Time can take
 Such fadyng Toyes for vayne.

¶ *To Maystresse A.*

§ Ynce I so long haue lyved in pain
 and burnt for loue of the,
 (O cruel hart) doste thou no more
 esteame the Loue of me,
 Regardst thou not, the health of hym?
 that the, aboue the rest
 Of Creatures all, and next to God
 hath dearest in his brest.
 Is pytie placed from the so farre
 is gentlenes exylde?
 Hast thou ben fostred in the Caues,
 of Wolues or Lyons wylde?
 Hast thou ben so? why then no force,
 the lesse I meruayle I,
 Such as the Damme, suche is the yong
 experyence trewe doth trye.

Syth thou art of so fyerce a mynde,
why dyd not God then place
In the, with suche a Tygers Harte,
a fowle yll fauerde face?
Sure for no other ende but that,
he lykes no Louers trade,
And the therfore a ragynge Fende,
an Angels face hath made.
Suche one as thou, was *Gorgon* once
as auncient Poets tell,
Who with her Beautie mazed men,
and nowe doth raygne in Hell,
But mercye yet, of the I craue,
yf ought in the remayne,
And let me not so long the force,
of flamyng fyre sustayne,
Let pytie ioynde with beautie be,
so shall I not dyfdayne,
My blud, my hart, my lyfe to spende
with toyle, with stryfe, and payne,
To do the good, my breath to loose,
yf nede shall so requyre,
But for my feruyce and my paynes,
thou gyuest me hate for hyre.
Well now take this for ende of all.
I loue and thou doste hate,
Thou lyuest in pleasures happely.
and I in wretched state.
Paynes can not last for euermore,
but tyme and ende wyll trye,
And tyme shall tell me in my age,
How youth led me awrye.
Thy face that me tormented, so,
in tyme shall sure decaye,
And all that I do lyke or loue,
shall vanysh quyte awaye,
Thy face in tyme shall wrynckled be,
at whiche I shall be glad,

To see thy forme transformed thus,
 that made me once so fad,
 Than shall I blame my folly moch
 and thanke the mightiest kyng
 That hath me saued tyll such a daye,
 to se so sonde a thyng.
 And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe close
 my flames and let them blase,
 All secretly within my brest,
 no man on me shall gase.
 I wyll not trespasse synfully,
 for God shall geue me grace
 To se the tyme wherein I shall
 neglecte thy folysh face,
 And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,
 God keepe thee far from me,
 And sende thee in that place to dwell,
 that I shall neuer see.

¶ *To George Holmeden of a
 ronnyng Heade.*

The greatest vyce
 that happens vnto men,
 And yet a vyce,
 that many comon haue,
 As auncient Wryters
 waye with sobre Pen,
 Who gaue theyr doome,
 by force of wysdom graue,
 The forest mayme,
 the greatest euyl sure,
 The vilest plague
 that Students can sustayne,
 And that whiche moste
 doth ygnoraunce procure.
 My *Holmeden* is
 to haue a ronnyng Brayne,

For who is he
 that leades more restles lyfe,
 Or who can euer
 lyue more yll bestead?
 In fyne who lyues,
 in greater Care and stryfe,
 Then he that hath,
 suche an vnstedfast hedde:
 But what is this?
 me thynkes I heare the say,
 Phyfition take,
 thine owne disease away.

¶ *To the Translation of Pallingen.*

THe labour swete,
 that I sustaynde in the,
 (O *Pallingen*)
 when I tooke Pen in hande,
 Doth greue me now,
 as ofte as I the se,
 But halfe hewd out
 before myne eyes to stande,
 For I must needes
 (no helpe) a while go toyle,
 In Studyes, that
 no kynde of muse delyght.
 And put my Plow,
 in grosse vntylled soyle,
 And labour thus,
 with ouer weryed Spryght,
 But yf that God,
 do graunt me greater yeares.
 And take me not
 from hence, before my tyme,
 The Muses nyne,
 the pleasaunt synging feares

Shall so enflame
 my mynde with lust to ryme,
 That *Palingen*
 I wyll not leaue the so,
 But fynyshe the
 accordyng to my mynd.
 And yf it be
 my chaunce away to go,
 Let some the ende,
 that heare remayne behynde.

¶ *The Harte absent.*

Wete muse tell me,
 wher is my hart becom,
 For well I feele,
 it is from hence a way,
 My Sences all,
 doth sorrow so benumme:
 That absent thus,
 I can not lyue a Day.
 I know for troth,
 there is a specyall Place,
 Wher as it most,
 desyreth for to bee:
 For Oft it leaues,
 me thus in Dolsfull case,
 And hether commes,
 at length a gayne to me?
 Woldest thou so fayne,
 be tolde where is thy Harte
 Sir Foole in place,
 wher as it shuld not be:
 Tyed vp so fast,
 that it can neuer starte?
 Tyll Wysdom get,
 agayne thy Lybertye:
 In place wher thou,

as safe maist dwel swet daw?
 As may the harte,
 ly by the Lyons paw:
 And wher for thee,
 as much be sure they passe:
 As dyd the master
 ons for *Ejops* Assē.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

IF thou canst banish Idle nes,
Cupidoes Bowe is broke, *Ouid.*
 And well thou mayst dyspyse his bronds
 cleane void of flame and smoke
 What moued the Kynge *Agistus* ons,
 to Loue with vyle excesse:
 The cause at hand doth streight appeare
 he lyued in Idlenes.

Finis.

¶ *The Aunswere of A. Neuell to the same.*

THe lack of labour mayms ye mind,
 And wyt and Reason quight exiles.
 And Reason fled. Flames Fancy blind.
 And Fancy she forthwith beguyles
 The Sensles wight: that swiftly fails
 Through deepest fluds of vyle exces.
 Thus vice abounds. Thus vertu quails
 By meanes of drowfy Idlenes.

¶ *To Maystresse D.*

NOt from the hye *Cytherion* Hyll
 nor from that Ladies throne
 From whens flies forth ye winged boy

yat makes some fore to grone.
 But nearer hence this token coms,
 from out the Dongeon deepe,
 Where neuer Plutto yet dyd raygne
 nor Proserpyne dyd sleepe.
 Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt liues.
 whom duetie moues aryght,
 To wayle that he so long doth lacke,
 his owne deare Maystres fyght.

¶ *Out of an olde Poet.*

FYe Fye, I lothe
 to speake wylt thou my lust,
 Compell me now,
 to doo so foule an acte.
 Nay rather God
 with Flame consume to dust.
 My carryon vyle,
 then I perfourme this facte
 Let rather thoughtes,
 that long, haue weryed me :
 Or fycknes fuche
 as Fancye fonde hath brought,
 O gapyng Hell,
 dryne me now downe to the,
 Let boylyng fyghes,
 consume me all to nought.

ONs musyng as I sat,
 and Candle burnyng bye,
 When all were husht I myght discern
 a symple felye Flye.

¶ That flewe before myne eyes,
 with free reioysyng Hart,
 And here and there, with wings did play
 as voyde of payne and smart,

¶ Somtyme by me she sat,
 when she had playde her fyll,
 And euer when she rested had
 aboute she flyttered styll.
 ¶ When I perceyued her well,
 reioysfing in her place,
 O happye Flye quoth I, and eake,
 O worme in happye case.
 ¶ Whiche two of vs is best?
 I that haue reason? no:
 But thou that reason art without
 and therewith voyde of woe.
 ¶ I lyue and so doste thou,
 but I lyue all in payne,
 And Subiect am to her alas,
 that makes my Gryefe her gayne.

[The following lines are added to this Poem, in the *Faultes escaped*,
 at the end of the original Edition.]

¶ Thou lyuest, but feelst no gryefe,
 no Loue doth the torment,
 A happye thyng for me it were,
 If God were so content.
 That thou with Pen, wert placed here
 and I sat in thy place,
 Then I shuld Ioye as thou dost nowe
 and thou shuldst wayle thy case.

W^Hen I do heare thy name,
 alas my hart doth ryse:
 And seekes fourthwith to se the salue
 that most contentes myne eys.
 But when I se thy Face,
 that hath procured my payne,

Then boyles my blud in euery part,
 and beates in euery vayne?
 Thy voice when I do heare,
 then collour comes and goes,
 Some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,
 some tyme as red as Rose.
 If thy sweete Face do smyle,
 then who so well as I?
 If thou but cast a scornefull looke,
 then out alas I dye.
 But styll I lyue in payne,
 my fortune wylleth so,
 That I shuld burne and thou yet know,
 no whytt of all my wo.

VNhappye tonge
 why dydste thou not consent
 When fyrst myne eyes
 dyd vewe that Princely face,
 To show good wyll,
 that hart opprest than ment.
 And whylst tyme was,
 to seue for present grace.
 O fayntyng Hart,
 why dydst thou then conceale?
 Thyne inwarde Fyers,
 that flamde in euery vayne,
 Whan pytie and
 gentlenes, were bent to heale.
 Why dydst thou not,
 declare thy ragyng payne?
 When well thou mightst
 haue moued her gentle mynde,
 Why dydste thou than,
 kepe backe thy wofull playn?

Thou knewſte full well,
 redres is hard to fynde,
 Whan in thy owne
 affayres, thy corage faynts.
 But ſynce ſhe is
 gon, bewaile thy grief no moore
 Synce thou thy ſelfe,
 wart Cauſer of the Soore.

¶ *Oculi augent dolorem.*

Out of fyght, out of mynd.

THe oftener ſene, the more I luſt,
 The more I luſt, the more I ſmart
 The more I ſmart, the more I truſt,
 The more I truſt, the heauyer hart,
 The heuy hart, breeds myne vnreſt,
 Thy abſence therfore, lyke I beſt.

The rarer ſene, the leſſe in mynde,
 The leſſe in mynde, the leſſer payne,
 The leſſer payne, leſſe gryefe I fynd,
 The leſſer gryefe, the greater gayne,
 The greater gayne, the meryer I,
 Therfore I wyſh thy fyght to flye.

The further of, the more I ioye.
 The more I ioye, the happyer lyfe,
 The happyer lyfe, leſſe hurts annoy
 The leſſer hurts, pleaſure moſt ryfe,
 Suche pleaſures ryfe, ſhall I obtayne
 When Diſtaunce doth depart vs twaine.

¶ *Finis.*

Accuse not God, yf fancie fond,
do moue thy foolyſh brayne,
To wayle for loue, for thou thy ſelfe,
art cauſe of all thy payne.

¶ *Finis.*

Two Lynes ſhall tell the Gryefe
that I by Loue ſuſtayne.
I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryſe,
of Hell I feele the payne.

¶ *Of the vnfortunate choiſe
of his Valentyne.*

THe Paynes that all the Furies fell
can caſt from Lymbo lake,
Eche Torment of thoſe Hellifh brains
wher crawleth mani a ſnake,
Eche miſchiefe that therin doth lye
eche ſmart that may be founde,
Flye from thoſe ſeendifh clawes a while
with flames breake vp the grounde,
Lyght here vpon this curſed hand,
make here your dwellyng place,
And plague the part, yat durſt preſume
his Maſter to diſgrace.
Which thruſt amonge a nombre of:
ſo many princely names,
And wher thy Maiſtres had her place
amongſt the chiefeſt Dames,
Durſte thus preſume to leue her there
and drawe a ſtraunger wyght,
And by thyne owne vnhappy draught
torment my pauled Spryght.

¶ *The vncertayntie of Lyfe.*

NO vayner thing ther can be found
 amyd this vale of stryfe,
 As Auncient men reporte haue made
 then truste vncertayne lyfe.
 This tr[e]we we dayly fynde,
 by proofes of many yeares,
 And many tymes the trothe is tryed,
 by losse of frendly fears,
 Hope who so lyst in lyfe
 hath but vncertayne stay.
 As taylor of Ele that harder held,
 doth sooner flyde away.
 When least we thynk therof,
 most neare approacheth it.
 And sodaynly posses the place,
 wher lyfe before did fytt:
 How many haue byn seën,
 in Helth to go to rest,
 And yet eare mornyng tyde haue ben,
 with Cruell Death opprest,
 How many in their meales,
 Haue Ioyfully ben sett,
 That sodaynly in all their Feaste,
 hath yealded Earth theyr dett.
 Syth thus the lyfe is nought,
 that in this world we trust,
 And that for all the pompe and Pryde,
 the Bodie tournes to dust:
 Hope for the lyfe a boue,
 whiche far surmounteth all.
 With vertuous mind await the time
 When God, for vs doth call.

¶ *A Refusall.*

Syth Fortune fauoures not
 and al thynges backward go,
 And syth your mynd, hath so decreed,
 to make an end of woe.

Syth now is no redresse,
 but hence I must a way,
 Farwele I wast no vayner wordes,
 I Hope for better day.

¶ *Of Maistres D S.*

THy fyled wordes,
 yat from thy mouth did flow
 Thy modest looke
 with gesture of *Diane*.
 Thy curteous mynde,
 and althynges framed so.
 As answered well,
 vnto thy vertuous fame,
 The gentlenes
 that at thy handes I founde
 In straungers hou[s]e,
 all vnaquaynted I,
 Good S. hath
 my Hart to the so bounde,
 That from the can
 it not be forced to flye,
 In pledge wherof,
 my seruyce here I gyue
 Yf thou so wylte
 to serue the whylst I lyue.

¶ *Of Money*

The Sonnet is written in the
hand of the original owner
G Yue Money me, take
 Friendshyp who so lyst,
 For Friends are gon
 come once Aduerfytie,
 When Money yet
 remayneth safe in Chest,
 That quickly can the
 bryng from myferye,
 Fayre face showe frendes,
 whan ryches do habounde,
 Come tyme of prooffe,
 farewell they must awaye,
 Beleue me well,
 they are not to be founde.
 If God but sende
 the once a lowrynge daye.
 Golde neuer starts
 asyde, but in dystres,
 Fyndes wayes enoughe,
 to ease thyne heuynes.

¶ *Goyng towards Spayne*

F Arewell thou fertyll foyle,
 that *Brutus* fyrst out founde,
 When he poore soule, was driuen clean
 from out his Countrey ground.
 That Northward layst thy lusty sides
 amynd the ragyng Seas.
 Whose welthy Land doth foster vpp,
 thy people all in ease,
 While others scrape and carke abroad,
 theyr symple foode to gett.

And felye Soules toke all for good,
 that commeth to the Net.
 Which they with painfull paynes do py[n]ch.
 in barrain burning Realmes :
 While we haue all with out restraint
 a mong thy welthy streames.
 O blest of God thou Pleasaunt Ile,
 where welth her self doth dwell:
 Wherin my tender yeares I past
 I byd thee now farewell.
 For Fancy dryues me forth abroad,
 and byds me take delyght,
 In leuyng thee and raungyng far,
 to see some straunger fyght.
 And sayth I was not framed heare
 to lyue at home with eas:
 But passyng forth for knowledge sake
 to cut the fomyng seas.

¶ *At Bonyuall in Fraunce.*


 Fond affectyon
 wounder of my Hart,
 When wylt thou Cease.
 to breed my restles payne,
 When comes the end,
 of this my Cruell smart:
 When shall my force,
 beate backe thy force agayne.
 When shall I faye,
 this restles rage of myne :
 By Reason ruld,
 is banyshd quyght a way,
 And I escaped,
 these cruell bondes of thyne:
 O flamynge feend,
 that seakest my decaye.

Safe thynkyng I,
Charibdis Rage to flye,
 On *Scylla* Rocke,
 in Bonyuall I dye.

¶ *Commynge home warde out of Spayne.*

ORagyng Seas,
 and myghty *Neptunes* rayne,
 In monstrous *Hylles*,
 that throwest thy selfe so hye,
 That wyth thy fludes,
 doest beate the shores of *Spayne* :
 And breake the *Clyues*,
 that dare thy force enuie.
 Cease now thy rage,
 and laye thyne *Ire* a fyde,
 And thou that hast,
 the gouernaunce of all,
 O myghty God,
 grant *Wether Wynd* and *Tyde*,
 Tyll on my Coun-
 treye Coast, our Anker fall.

¶ *To L. Blundeston of Ingratitude.*

THe lytell *Byrde*,
 the tender *Marlyon*,
 That vseth ofte
 vpon the *Larke* to praye,
 With great reproche,
 doth stayne the mynde of man
 If all be true,
 that *Wryters* of her saye.
 For she a Creature,
 maymde of *Reasons* parte,
 And framde to lyue
 accordyng to her kynde,

Doth feme to foster
Reason in her Hart
And to aspyre
vnto Deuyner mynde.
when Hungers rage
she hath exyled quyte,
And supped well
as falleth for her state.
The felye Larke,
doth take by force of flyght,
And hyes to tree,
where as she lodged late,
And on the trem-
blyng Byrde all nyght she stondea,
To keepe her feete,
from force of nyppyng colde,
The amazed Wretche,
within her ennemyes handes,
And closed fast,
within the claspyng holde.
Awayteth Dea.h,
with drowfye drowpyng Hart,
And all the nyght
with feare drawes on her lyfe,
The gentle Byrde,
whan darkenes doth departe
Doth not depryue,
the felye soule of lyfe,
Nor fylles with her
her hungred egre brest
But wayeng well,
the seruyce she hath done.
To spyll the Blud,
her Nature doth detest,
And from so great
a Cryme, her selfe doth shun.
She lets her go
and more with stedfast eyes.
Beholds whiche way

she takes with mazed flight,
 And in those partes
 that Daye she neuer flyes
 Least on that Byrde
 agayne she chaunce to lyght.
 Loe, *Blundston* heare
 how kyndenes doth habounde,
 In felye Soules
 where Reason is exylde,
 This Byrde alone
 suffyseth to confounde,
 The Brutyshe myndes
 of men that are defyled,
 With that great Vice,
 that vyle and haynous Cryme
 Ingratitude
 (whiche some vnkyndenes call.)
 That Poyson strong
 that spryngeth styll with tyme,
 Tyll at the length,
 it hath infected all.

¶ *The Aunswere of L. Blundeston
 to the same.*

T His Mirrour left
 of this thy Byrde I fynde,
 Hath not suche force,
 to enter in the Hert,
 To roote away
 Vnthankefulnes of minde,
 As others haue,
 the Vertues to peruert,
 (so prone we are to Vice :)
 The Tenche by kynd
 hath Salue for euery Soore,
 And heales the may-
 med Pike in his dystresse,

The Churlyſh Pike
 for gentlenes therfore,
 In his rewarde,
 doth cruellye expreſſe.
 His murdring mynde,
 his fylthy spotted fayth,
 When hungre prickes
 to fyll his gredye Iawes,
 He grypes his poore
 Chyrurgion vnto death.
 Who late to hym
 of lyfe was onely cauſe.
 Thy Merlians haue
 fewe Ayryes in our ground
 But Pikes haue Spawnes
 good ſtoore in euery Pound.

¶ *To the Tune of Appelles* x

THe ruſhyng Ryuers that do run
 The valeys ſweet adourned new
 That leans their ſides againſt ye Sun
 with Flours freſh of fundry hew,
 Both Aſhe and Elme, and Oke ſo hye,
 Do all lament my wofull crye.

while winter blak, with hydious ſtormes
 Doth ſpoil ye ground of Sommers grene,
 while ſpringtime ſweet ye leaf returns
 That late on tree could not be ſene,
 while ſomer burns while harueſt rains
 Stil ſtyl do rage my reſtles paynes.

No ende I find in all my ſmart,
 But endles torment I ſuſtayne
 Synce fyrſt alas, my wofull Hart
 By ſight of the was forſt to playne,
 Synce that I loſt my Lybertie,
 Synce that thou madſte a Slaue of me

My Hart that once abroade was free
Thy Beautie hath in durance brought
Ons reason rulde and guyled me,
And how is wyt confumde with thought
Ons I reioyfed aboue the Skye,
And now for the I alas I dye.

Ons I reioyfed in Companye,
And now my chief and whole delyght
Is from my frendes awaye to flye
And keepe alone my weryed fpryght
Thy face deuyne and my defyre,
From flesh hath me transformed to fyre.

O Nature thou that fyrst dyd frame,
My Ladyes heare of purest Golde
Her face of Cryftall to the fame.
Her lippes of precious Rubyes molde
Her necke of Alablafter whyte
Surmountyng far eche other Wight

Why dydft thou not that tyme deuife
Why dydft thou not forefe before?
The mischyefe that therof doth ryfe,
And grief on grief doth heap with flor
To make her Hart of Wax alone,
And not of Flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady shoue thy fauour yet,
Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the
Where Rygour rulde, let Mercy fyte
Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie
Let not Difdain, a Feend of Hell,
Posses the place, wher Grace should dwell.

the Court of Venus are carried through in the
to a court of Diana whose puritanical
assaults overthrow Cupid. A person of some
of Paradise lost - anti-love - didactic.

❧ CUPIDO CONQUERED.



He sweetest time of al the yeare
it was when as the Sonne,
Had newly entred *Gemini*,
and warmynge heate begun :
Whan euery tre was clothed greene,
and flowers fayre dyd shew,
And when the whyt and blowmyng
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,
Whan fore I longd to seeke a broade,
to se some Pleasaunt fyght,

A mid my woes and heauye happes,
that myght my Mynde delyght,
Care wold not let me byde within
but forst me foorth to go :
And bad me seeke fume present helpe,
for to relyue my wo.
Than forward went I foorth in haste,
to vew the garnysht trees?
What tyme the Son was mounted vp,
twixt nyne and ten degrees.
From Flowers flew sweete ayers abroad,
delighting much my brayn,
With fyght and smels gan sorow fade,
and Ioy returne agayne.
So that in mynde I much reioyce,
to feele my self so lyght:
For gorgyous fyghtes and odours sweet
had new reuyued my spryght.
Befyde the pleasaunt Harmonye,
that syngyng Byrdes did make:
Bad me pul vpp my Hart agayne,
and sorrow sone forsake.
For though (quoth *Reason*.) she be gon
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,

Yet fond it is to carke and care
where there is none amendes.
Thus foorth I went, and in the grooues
I raunged heare and theare,
Wheras I hard suche pleasaunt tunes
as Heauen had ben neare.
I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,
ben present ther to playe,
Or if Sir *Orpheus* myght haue held,
his Harp, that present day.
Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,
had stryuen to excell,
None of them all, by Musycke sholde,
haue borne away the Bell.
I rather iudge the thracian wold,
his Harpe wherwith he played,
Haue cast a way as one whom Ire,
had vtterly difmayed.
Such passyng tunes of sundry Byrds,
I neuer herd before,
The further I went in the Woods.
the noyse resounded more.
O happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,
is this that you do leade,
How far from Care and myery,
how far from Feare and dread:
With what reioysfynge melodie,
passe you this fadyng Lyfe,
While Man vnhappiest creatur liues
In wretched toyle and stryfe.
Styll foorth I went and wonderd at,
this pleasaunt Harmony.
And gased at these lytle Fooles,
that made suche Melody:
Tyll at thè length I gan to spye,
a stately Lawrell tree,
So plast and sett in such a guye,
That as it seamed to me,

Dame Nature stroue to shew her self
in plantyng such a thyng,
For Euen out besyde the rocke,
a fountayne cleane did spryng,
Where in the water I beheld,
resembled wonderous trew,
The Whyte and Greene of al the trees,
adourned late of new.
And how in order eake they stood,
a goodly fyght to se,
And there I might discerne the Byrds
that songe in euery tree.
To moue the Byll and shake the wings
in vteryng Musicke sweete
And heare and thear, to flye to seade,
and estefones theare to meete.
Great pleasure had I there to byde,
and stare vpon the Spryng,
For why me thought it dyd surmount,
eache other kynde of thyng.
Now was the Son got vp aloft,
and raught the mydle Lyne,
And in the Well, the Golden Gloobe,
with flamyng Beames dyd shyne,
Wherof the Bryghtnes was so great
that I might not endure,
Lenger to looke within the Spryng,
whose waters were so pure.
Vnwyllyng went I thence away,
and vnderneath the tree,
I laid me down whose braunches brode
dyd keepe the Son from me.
Thynkyng to rest me there a while,
tyll fallyng some degrees
Syr Phebus shuld haue hyd hym self,
behynde the shadowyng trees,
And then for to haue vewd the Spring,
and marked euery place,

And seene yf there I could haue spied
the weepyng *Biblis* face.
For sure I thynke, it was the place,
wherein *Narcissus* dyed,
Or els the Well, to which was turnd
poore *Biblis* whyle she cryed.
But whether it was werynes,
with labour that I tooke,
Or Fume yat from the Spryng dyd ryse,
wherin I late dyd looke.
Or yf it were the sweete accorde
that syngyng Byrdes dyd keepe,
Or what it was, I knowe no whit
but I fell fast a sleepe.
I thynke the woddy Nymphes agreed
that I shuld haue this chaunce,
And that it was theyr pleasure so,
to showe me thyngs in traunce.
Whilste I lay thus in slumbre deepe,
I myght perceyue to stande,
A Person clothed all in whyte,
that held a Rod in hande.
Whiche was me thought of *Massey Golde*.
I knew it very weale,
For that was it, made *Argos* sleepe,
whyle he dyd *Io* steale.
When I perceaued by his attyre,
that it was *Mercuri*.
My Hart at fyrst began to faynt,
yet at the length quoth I
Thou Goddesse Son, why standste you there
what busines now with thee,
What meanest you in thy flying weed,
For to appeare to me,
And therewithall my thought I staied,
and could no farther speake,
For Feare did force my speech to fayle,
and Courage waxed weake.

Which whan the sone of *Maia* sawe,
he tooke me by the hand,
Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:
but boldly by me stand.
The *Muses* all of *Helicon*,
haue sent me now to thee:
Whom thou doest serue and whose you seekst
For euer more to be.
And thanks to the by me they sende,
Bycause thou tookest payne,
In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)
to occupie thy Brayne.
Desyring thee not for to slaye,
for *Momus* ill report,
But endyng that thou hast begun,
to spyte the Canckred forte.
And thynk not thou, that thou art he,
that canst escape Disdayne,
The day shall come when thankfull men,
shall well accept thy Paine,
But rather lay before thyne eyes,
the hie attemptes of those,
Whose statly style with painfull prooffe,
theyr worthy wytes disclose,
Marke him that thundred out ye deeds
Of olde *Anchises* sun,
Whose English verse gyues *Maroes* grace,
In all that he hath done,
Whose death the *Muses* sorrow much,
that lacke of aged dayes,
Amongest the common Brytons old,
should hynder *Virgils* prayse.
Mark him yat hath wel framde a Glasfe
for states to looke vpon,
Whose labour shews the ends on them
that lyued long a gone.
Marke hym that showes ye Tragedies
thyne owne famylyar Frende,

By whom ye Spaniards hawty Style
in Englysh Verse is pende.
Marke these fame three, and other moe,
whose doyns well are knowne,
Whose fayre attempts in euery place
The flying fame hath blowne,
Hast thou not harde, thyself in place
full ofte and many a tyme,
Lo here the Auctor loseth grace,
Loe here a doltysh Ryme,
Now syth that they haue this reward
who passe the euen as farre,
As in the nyght *Diana* doth,
Excell the dimmest Starre.
Take thou no scorne at euyll tongs,
what needst thou to disdayne?
Syth they whom none can well amend
haue lyke fruyte of theyr payne.
Moreouer yet the Ladyes nyne,
haue all commaunded me,
Bycause they know, the blynded God
hath some thyng pearced the.
To leade the foorth, a thyng to see,
yf all thyngs happen ryght,
Whiche shall gyue the occasion good,
with ioyfull mynde to wryght.
To this, I wold haue answered fayne
and theare began to speake,
But as my words were commyng forth
my purpose he dyd breake.
Come on (quoth he) none Aunswere now
we maye no lenger staye.
But frame thy selfe, to flye abroad,
for hence we must awaye.
And here withall, on both my fydes,
two wyngs me thought dyd growe,
Of mighty breadth, away went he,
and after hym I flowe.

And euer as we mounted vp,
 I lookte vpon my wyngs,
 And prowde I was, me thought to see
 fuche vnaacquaynted thyngs.
 Tyll foorth we flewe, my Guyde and I,
 with mowntyng flyght apace,
 Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, and Hylles
 and many a goodly place.
 Till at the length methought I might
 a Gorgyous Castell spye,
 Thear downe began my guyd to fall,
 and downward eake fell I,
 Lo heare the place where you must light
 Gan *Mercury* to faye,
 Farwell and note what thou doost fe,
 for I must hence away.
 And with this fame a way flewe he,
 and lefte me there alone,
 Wher as with Feare a masde I stood,
 and thus began to mone.
 Alas where am I now become,
 what Curfed Chaunce hath blown,
 Me from the place where I was bred,
 to Countreis heare vnkown,
 What ment that fell vnhappy Feend,
 that *Maia* brought to lyght,
 To bring me from my Hartes defyre,
 to see thys dolefull fyght.
 Vnhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,
 his Person heare in hand,
 Then shuld I wreak mine Ire of him.
 that brought me to this Land.
 But all to late alas I wysh,
 for words auayle not now,
 Tis best to learne, what place it is,
 and yet I knowe not howe.
 Alas that here were *Ptholome*,
 with Compasse Globe in hande,

Whose Arte shuld showe me true the place,
and Clymate where I stande,
Well yet what foeuer chaunce theron
what foeuer Realme it be,
Yon Castell wyll I vyfyt : sure,
hap what hap wyll to me.
Thus much me thought alone I spoke
and then I forewarde went,
And cursed eke an hundred folde,
them that me thyther sent.
Thus to the Castell, strayght I came,
whiche when I vewde aboute,
And sawe the workmanshyps therof
full gorgeouslye set oute.
I entred in, with fearefull Harte,
muche doutyng howe to speede,
But euer hope of happye chaunce,
my heauye Hart dyd feede.
Wyde was the Courte and large within
the walles were rayfed hye,
And all engraued with Storyes fayre
of costlye Imagrye.
There myght I se, with wondrous Arte,
the Picture porturde playne,
Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,
whom Scorpions vyle had slayne.
And by hym floode his Borspeare and
his other Instruments,
His Net, his Darte, his Courfar, and
his Hunters restyng Tents.
And vnder hym was wrytten fayre.
in Letters all of Golde,
Here lies he slain, with Scorpions sting,
vnhappy wretche that wolde,
Haue forced the Ladye of this forte
with slayne of Royaltie.
To haue consented to his wyll,
in fylthye Lecherye.

Wherefore beware that enters here,
what foeuer man thou art?
Accounte thy selfe but lost, yf that
thou bearest a lecherous Hart.
When I had vewd these wrytten lines
and markde the Storye well,
I ioyed muche, for why I knew,
Diana there dyd dwell.
Diana she that Goddesse is,
of Virgyns sacred mynde,
By whom *Orion* Hunter wylde,
his Fatall ende dyd fynde.
Next vnto hym, I myght beholde,
Acteon wofull wyght,
In what a manner, all to torne.
his cruell Dogs hym dyght.
There might be seene, theyr gredye mouths
with Maisters blud embrued,
And all his owne vnhappye men,
that fast theyr Lorde pursued.
And many Storyes more there war
engraued: to long to tell
What fearefull haps to many men,
for lust vncleane befell.
Thus as I stooode with musyng mind
beholdyng all thyngs theare,
In rusheth at the Gate behynde
a Post with heauy cheare.
Into the Hall with haste he hyes
and after folowed I,
To here what kynde of Newes he brought
or what he ment therby.
He passyng through the Hall in haste,
at entraunce neuer stayed,
But blowyng fast for want of breath,
as one almoste dismayed.
Approcht in Prefence to the syght
of chaste *Dianaes* face,

That all encompaste rounde aboute
 with Virgyns in that place,
 In loftye Chayre of hye estate
 dyd *fy*t, all clothde in whyte,
 Of Syluer hewe, that shynyng gaue,
 me thought, a gorgeous syght.
 There dyd I se, fayre *Dido* Queene
 and fayre *Hysiphile*,
 And next to them *Lucretia* sat,
 and chaste *Penelope*.
 But these fame foure, no Bowes dyd beare
 for Virgyns sacred state,
 They had forsaken long ago,
 and ioynde with faythfull Mate.
 On the other syde, sat all the sorte
 of fayre *Dianaes* trayne,
 Whose trade with toyle amongst the woods
 was euer bent to payne.
 Whose sacred minds, were ner defyld
 with any wanton lust,
 Whiche neuer could the fyckle state,
 of Louers fancye truste.
 The chyefe of them was *Ismenis*,
 Whom best *Diana* loued,
 And next in place sat *Hyale*,
 whom neuer Fancye moued,
 Next vnto them sat *Nipha* fayre,
 a Gemme of Chastyte,
 And next to her sat *Phyale*,
 not basest in degree,
 Behynde them all, of passyng forme,
 fayre *Rhanis* held her place,
 And nye to her I myght discerne
 Dame *Plecas* shynyng face,
 These Pryncely Nymphes accompanied
Diana in her Baynes,
 Whyle as in shape of Stagge poore wretche
Acteon had his paynes,

About them all I myght beholde,
as placed before the rest,
Hipolitus whom *Phedraes* spyte?
most Cruelly had drest.

Hipolitus the vnspotted Pearle:
of pure Virginitie,

Whose noble Hart culd not agre,
to stepdames vyllany.

Next vnto hym sat Continance,
and next was Labour placed?

Of bodie bygge and strong he was,
and somewhat Crabtre faced.

Next hym was placed Abstinance,
a leane vnwyldy wyght,

Whose Diet thyn had banisht cleane,
all fond and vayne delyght.

A Thousand more me thought ther war
whose names I dyd not know,

And yf I did to longe it were,
in Verses them to show.

Down of his knees the messenger
before them al doth fall,

And vnto chaste *Diana* thear,
for succour thus doth call.

O Goddesse chiefe of Chastitie,
and Sacred Virgins mynd:

Let Pitie from your noble Hart:
redresse for Misers fynd.

Let not our weryed Hartes sustaine,
suche wrongfull Tyranye?

Quench quickly now the syrie flames
of open Iniurye.

This sayd for Feare he staid awhile,
and than began agayne,

A mighty Prynce (quoth he) is com,
with great vnruly trayne.

All armed well at euery poynt.

(a dredefull fyght to se:)

And euery man in feates of armes,
ryght skylfull all they be.
The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde
with pompe and stately Pryde :
With Bow in hand of glistering gold,
and Quyuer by his fyde.
Wher many a shaft full sharp doth ly:
and many a mōrtall Darte,
That hath with poysoned force destrōid,
Full many a yealdyng Harte.
He entred hath within your Realme,
and taken many a Forte,
Hath fakte them all, and spoylde them quyte
and slayne a wondrous forte.
In straungest guyse, for where he shoots
the wounde doth fester styll
And all the Surgians that we haue
can not remoue the yll,
In lytell tyme the gryefe so fore,
doth growe in euery parte,
Destraynyng through the venomēd vaines
doth so torment the Hart.
That some to ryd them selues therof
in fluds full deepe they leape,
And drown them selues som downward falles
from Houses hye by heape,
Some Anker cast on crossed Beames
to ryd them selues from stryfe,
And hang them selues iull thycke on trees
to ende a wretched lyfe.
And they whose fearefull mynds dare not
thus make an ende of wo,
With greuous flames, consumynge long
theyr lyfe at length forgo.
Loe here the Somme of all I haue,
this Tygre vs anoyes,
And cruellye hath spoyled vs,
of all our wonted ioye.,

Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,
and fynde some present staye,
Vndoubtedly he wyll wyn this Realme,
and take vs all awaye.
At this, the Ladyes all amazde
for feare dyd looke full pale,
And all beheld with mazed eyes,
the Wretche that tolde the tale.
Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*
of Hart and courage hye,
Nothyng abashde, with sodain newes
began thus to repleye.
Caste fere away, faire Dames (quoth he)
dismaye your selues no more,
I know by whom this mischief spryngs
and know a helpe therfore.
It is not suche a dredefull Wyght,
as he doth here reporte,
That entred is within these partes,
and plagues the symple forte.
Nor is his force so great to feare,
I know it I full well :
It is the scornfull blynded Boy,
that neare to vs doth dwell.
Whom *Mars* long tyme a go begott,
of that Lasciuious dame :
That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,
receaued an open shame.
A disobedient blynded Foole,
that durst presume to turne :
His dartes agaynst his mother ons,
and cauld her fore to burne.
An auncient foo : to all this Court,
Of long tyme he hath ben :
And hath attempted euermore,
by this : Renowne to wyn.
His cruell Hart, of Pitie voyed,
doth spare no kynd of age :

But tender youth and dotyng age,
he strykes in furyous rage.
And laughes to scorne the sely foules
that he hath wounded so,
No Fine appoynted of theyr ils,
no end of al theyr wo.
But syns he hath presumed thus,
to entre heare in Place,
And heare to threten Conquests thus,
agaynst *Dianaes* Grace,
Let him be sure his loftie Mynde,
this deade shall soone repent,
If that your grace do here agre,
with Fre and full concent.
To make me Chestain of this Charge
and whom I lyst to chose,
If Prisoner heare I bryng hym not,
Let me myne Honour lose.
And there he ceafde with ioyfull looks
the Ladyes smyled all,
And thorough his wordes they hoaped soone
to se *Cupidoes* fall.
With heauenly voice *Diana* thear,
as chyefe aboue the rest :
This wise her words began to frame,
From out her sacred brest.
My good *Hipolitus* quoth she,
whose true and saythfull mynd :
In doubtfull daunger often I,
do alwayes redy fynd.
For to reuenge the cankred rage,
of all my spytfull foes,
Thou he from whose vnspotted hart,
the fluddes of vertue flowes.
whose seruise long hath ben aproued,
within this court of myne,
Restrayne this boyes vnruley rage,
by valyant means of thyne,

I geue the leaue and thee appoint,
my cheyf Lieutenant here,
Chuse whom you wilt take whom you lyst,
thou nedeſt no whit to feare.
With this he roſe from out his place,
and lokynge round a bout:
Chose *Abſtinence* and *Continence*,
with *Labour* Captayne ſtout.
And with theſe thre he tooke his leaue
of all the Ladyes there,
Who doubtyng of his ſafe returne,
let fall full many a teare.
He leſte them theare in heauynes,
and made no more delaye,
But outward went and toward ye Campe,
he tooke the neareſt way.
With this the Queenes commyſſion ſtraight
was ſent abroad in haſte,
To rayſe vp ſouldiars round about,
and with theyr Captayne plaſte.
To bring them ſooth and marching on,
Hipolitus to meet,
Than ſounded Trumpetes al a broad,
and Drummes in euery ſtreat.
And ſouldiears good lyke ſwarmes of Bees
theyr Captains preaſe about
All armed braue in Corſletes white,
they march with courage ſtout.
And forwarde ſhoue, till at the length
where as theyr marſhall lyes,
They fynd the place the ioifull ſounds,
Do mount aboue the ſkyes.
Hipolitus receaued them all,
with woordes of pleaſant cheare,
And placith them in good aray,
bycauſe the camp was neare.
Three Battails big of them he frames,
and of the Rereward [? Vanguard] ſtrong,

Hath Labour charge who steppeth foorth,
 before the flatlye thronge :
 And Captayn of the reare ward next,
 was placed abstinens,
 And Ioind to him for Policie,
 was Captayne Continence :
 The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,
 him selfe did chuse to guyd.
 And in the formeſt front therof,
 on Courſer fayre doth ryde :
 The *Trumpets* ſound march on apace,
 and Dromes the ſame do ſtryke.
 Then forward moues ye Army great,
 In order Martiall lyke.
 I cam behynde (me thought) and beſt,
 it ſeamed then to me :
 To vew the dynt of dreedfull ſword,
 and feygther none to be.
 Thie Spies were ſent abroad to vew,
 the place where *Cupide* lay :
 A longeſt a Ryuer fayre and broad,
 they ſpye a pleaſaunt way,
 Which waye they tooke and paſſyng foorth,
 at length apeares a plaine :
 Both large and vaſt wher lyes ye rowt,
 of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.
 Thus told the ſpyes we onward hye,
 and ſtrayght in fyght we haue,
 The ferfull ſhow of all our Foes,
 and dredfull army braue,
 The firſt yat marched from *Cupides* Camp
 was drowfy *Idlenes*.
 The chyfeſt frend that loue had then,
 the next was vyle *Exces*.
 A Lubbour great, miſhapen moſt,
 of all that thear I ſaw,
 As much I thynk in quantitie,
 as horſes fyxe can draw,

A myghty face both broad and flat,
 and all with Rubies set:
 Muche nosed lyke a Turkey Cocke,
 with teth as blacke as Get.
 A Belye byg, full trust with guts,
 and Pestels two, lyke Postes,
 A knaue full square in euery poynt,
 A Prynce of dronken Oostes.
 Vpon a Camell couched hye,
 for Horse coulde none hym beare,
 A mighty Staffe in hande he had,
 his Foes a farre to feare.
 Behynde them all, the blynded God,
 doth com in Charyot fayre,
 With ragyng flames flong rounde about
 he pestres all the ayre.
 And after hym, for tryumphe leades
 a thousande wounded Harts,
 That gush abrode hot streams of blud
 new perfed with his Dartes,
 The army redy for to meete
 and all at poynt to fyght,
Hipolitus with lusty cheare
 and with a noble Spryght.
 His Souldiers to encourage. Thus
 his wordes begyns to place.
 My valyaunt frends and Subiects all
 of Chast *Dianaes* Grace.
 whose noble Harts were neuer staine
 with spot of Dastards mynd,
 Behold our enemyes here at hande,
 behold yon coward blynd.
 Of lytle force, comparde with you,
 howe in a fond araye,
 They stragle out no ordre dewe,
 obserued in theyr waye.
 Behold what goodly Guyds they haue
 to gouerne them withall,

That neuer knew what fighting ment
but lyue to Venus thrall.
Marke hym that guyds the rerewarde there
that vyle deformed Churle,
Whose foggy Mates, with paunches fyde
do thycke aboute him whurle.
And he that formost hether coms
loe what a handsome Squyre,
Sure full vnapt to kepe the felde,
more fyt to fyt by the fyre.
In fyne lo Victorye at hande
with hye tryumphant Crowne,
Bent for to spoyle our Foes of Fame,
and cast theyr Glorye downe.
Fyght therfore now courageouslye,
and ryd your frendes of feare,
Declare your Manhod valyauntly,
and let your Harts appeare.
With this the founde begyns to mount
and noyse hye to ryse,
And warlyke tunes begyn to dash,
them selues agaynst the Skyes.
The Canons Cracke, begins to roore
and Darts full thycke they flye
And couerd thycke, the armyes both,
and framde a Counter Skye.
And now the Battayls both be ioynde
with stroke of Hande to trye.
The quarrell iust and for to fynde,
where *Victorye* doth lye,
The Souldyers all of *Idlenes*
where *Labour* coms, do fall,
And wounded fore, by force of hym,
all bathde in blud, they sprall.
Hym selfe alone with *Idlenes*
nowe hande to hande doth fyght
And after many a mortall wounde,
destroyes the felye wyght.

Then ioynes with him Syr *Abstinence*
with ayde and succours newe,
And both vpon the gresye Hoaste,
of Glottonye they flewe.
The Captayn doth aduaunce hymself
with *Abstinence* to meete,
The vnweldy Creature smitten there
is tombled vnder feete.
Then *Fancie* flyes *Incontinence*
and all *Cupidoes* frendes,
Beholdynge Fortune thus to frowne,
by flyght them selfe defendes.
Cupido whan he sees hymselfe,
thus spoylde of all his ayde,
The chyef Supporters of his Courte,
so sodaynly decayde.
Bad turne his Charyottes than with haste
and fast away he flyes,
Amongst the chaste *Hipolitus*
on swyftye Courser hyes,
Than all with Ioye they after run,
downe thycke the enemyes fall,
The blinded boy, for succour straight
to *Venus* hye doth call,
But all his cryes auayleth not,
his Foes hym fast pursewe,
The dryuer of his Charyot soone,
Hipolitus there flewe.
And down from Horse, the wretche doth fall.
The horses spoyld of guyde,
A Souldier stoute of *Reasons* bande,
is wyllde there to ryde.
Who tur[n]yng Raynes another waye
restrayns hym of his flyght,
His Honours lost and taken thus,
Cupide in dolfull plyght.
These wordes with tremblyng voyce began
syth Fortune thus quoth he,

Hath giuen her doome from doubtfull brest
and turnd her Grace from me.
Syth that the most misfortune nowe,
that euer I could fynd,
Hath chaunced to me and Myser I,
by Desteny's assygnde.
Am Captiue heare, confydre yet,
what Fortune myght haue wrought
And made a Conquerer of me,
and you in Bondage brought.
Confydre yet the wofull plyght,
wherin you had remaynd,
If that the Gods my happy state,
had not so fore disdaynd,
And by your Gryef, than mesure mine
showe mercye in this case,
That Conquerour commended is,
who gyues to pytie place.
The cruell mynd disprayed is,
In euery kynd of state,
No man so hauty lyues on earth,
but ons may fynd his mate.
These wordes *Hipolitus* I speake,
to bread no farther stryfe,
I speake not this of malyce heare,
my sute is for my lyfe,
Syth Fortune thus hath fauord you,
graunt this my small request,
And let me lyue yf mercy dwell,
within your Noble brest,
By this tyme *Morpheus* had disperst
the drowfy Clowd of sleape,
And from my braynes the quyet traunce,
began full fast to Creape.
And downward fell. I waked therwith
and lokyng round a bout,
Long tyme I mused where I was,
my mynd was styl in doubt.

Till at the length I vewde the tree,
and place where as I fat,
And well beheld the pleasaunt Spryng
* that late I wondred at.
I sawe besyde the Golden Globe,
of *Phebus* shynyng bryght,
That Westwarde halfe, dyd hyde his face
approchyng fast the nyght.
Eche Byrde began to shrowd hymself
in tree to take his rest
And ceaste the pleasaunt tunes yat late
proceaded from theyr Breaeste.
I homewarde went, and left them all,
and restles all that nyght,
I musynge laye, tormented thus,
with fond lamentyng spryght.
When *Phebus* rose to passe the tyme,
and passe my gryefe awaye
I toke my Pen and pend the Dreame
that made my Muses staye.

¶ F I N I S.

[* This line is repeated. Appearing at the bottom of one page, and also at the top of the next.]

I Imprynted at London
 in S. Brydes Churchyarde,
 by *Thomas Colwell*, for
Raufe Nevvbery.

And are to be sold at his shop
 in Fleetestrete, a lytle
 aboue the Conduit.

I 5 6 3.

15. *Die Mensis March.*



I Faultes escaped in the Pryntyng.

[The whole of these corrections have been embodied in the Text.]



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